

VOGUE

60c

FEBRUARY 15

New Ways to Wear Colour—
beginning with the Shoe



Face-lifting by Exercise

Vogue Pattern Wardrobe: 8 pieces: 3 colours



Town & Country Shoes

America's Best Fashion Shoe Value

Bright Openings in Royal Palm...

The airy shoe is back! How beautiful in T & C's Royal Palm green calfskin. News, done on two heel heights ... the brand-new High and the famous Medium. Left to right, Double-Space, Indiscreet and Once Over. From a colorful collection, 8.95 to 14.95 the pair. Matching T & C handbag, 10.95 plus tax. Looking for green? Write us, we'll tell you where to find these ... Town & Country Shoes, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, New York

Shadow Navy...

wonderful Spring suit
designed by Ben Reig

in Rodier's

shadow overplaid wool.

The jacket is young, semi-fitted,
sparked with white.

Designer Suits

Bonwit Teller



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WHITE PLAINS

CHICAGO

CLEVELAND

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PALM BEACH

FEBRUARY 15, 1959

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VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1959

COVER

Playing chameleon here is a dress dittoed across the cover in five colours—four of them peppery new brilliants, all of them prettier for being worn with more colour. With green: bare-backed sandals by Liparé of green calfskin, black patent leather, with a Lifetime Heel. With cyclamen: red calfskin sandals by Mademoiselle. With yellow: yellow calfskin open pumps by Newton Elkin. With sand beige: chocolate brown calfskin T-strap sandals by Florsheim. With deep blue: bright blue calfskin T-strap shoes by Martinique. All stockings in seven-veil colours. For details on shoes, stockings, hat, see page 152. Dress of lightweight knitted wool, by Kimberly, about \$50. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.



WILLIAM BELL

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'Bright View'...no wonder you call **Mademoiselle**® the fashion shoe.

About \$19. For store names, write Mademoiselle Shoes, Empire State Bldg., New York. A division of General Shoe Corporation.



The American Look*—

Lord & Taylor's own coinage, now
a famous fashion tradition
recognized around the world.

Example, Ben Zuckerman's copper tweed suit
at Lord & Taylor *©1945

Hood-



we like what he likes...the pretty look of the provocative neckline and fringed silk pouf on this black crepe dress designed by kunel exclusively for **I. MAGNIN & CO.**

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE



*The Quadrille—
S.F.A.'s new
intricacies of step*

One from our exclusive spring shoe collection—its slender strap wings on the diagonal to bow at the opposite corner. The Quadrille, on our own Fenton® last, in magnetic blue with black calf; in red calf with black patent, or black patent with black faille. 28.95. Shoe Collections, Fourth Floor.

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*Exclusive
silk costuming:
our spring-tweed
sheath that
vanishes under
its own spencer,
159⁹⁵*

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*Our greenhouse
silk: a shadowy
sheath of roses,
pinioned
with an
oblique obi
110⁰⁰*

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T-rose, the most open
closed pump: a
fresh cut of fashion
- by way of
color, too



andrew geller

new york

chicago

san francisco

miami beach



When fashion paints your picture—

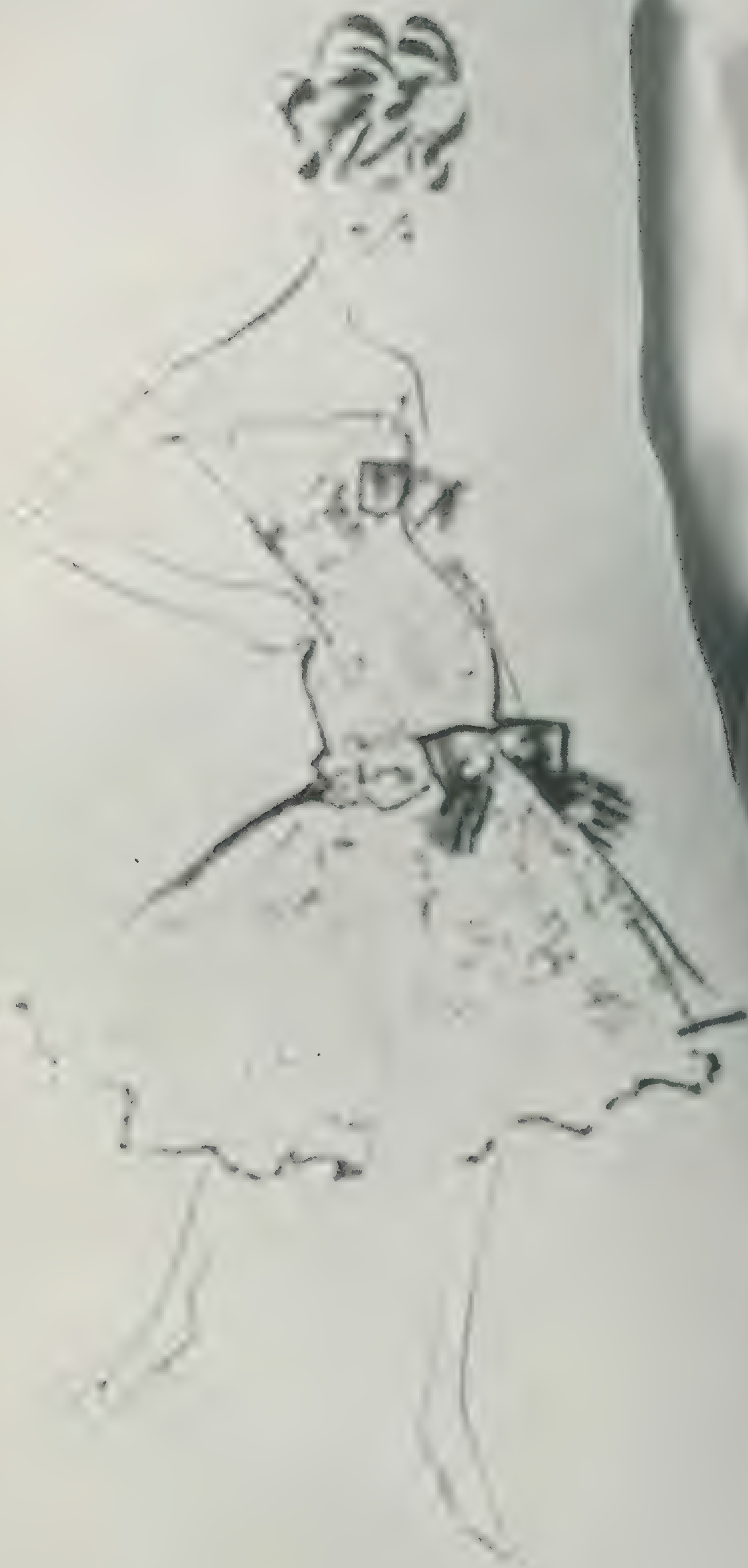
Warner's draws the loveliest line —————>



Your one-woman show opens with coffee...

APPOINTMENTS TO KEEP all over town. The critics praise your style, your stroke of fashion genius. Suit yourself for such occasions in George Carmel's scheme of softly textured wool. The jacket swerves in at your waist with a self-belted effect, curves to a stop atop your chiseled hips. The skirt—sketch-pencil slim.

You'll praise Warner's high-top, power net girdle for under-



triumphs into champagne! (and WARNER'S does the pouring!)

stating your figure. Extra power at the sides to curve you accordingly. #948. White. \$27.50. The bra, petals of foam set in lace for a higher, softer line. #2248. White. \$5.95.

MAKE YOUR FORMAL BOW ON THE DANCE FLOOR... and your public adores you (husbands especially—your own in particular). Rave notices, of course, for your low-cut pink chantilly gown. Harvey Berin gloriously revives curves after

a long year's absence, emphasizes them with bows of satin, a trumpet skirt to swing and swish on every note.

The occasion, of course, calls for a most curvaceous shape. Warner's celebrates every undulation in a luxurious, low-back Merry Widow®. In power net with satin elastic, and a front panel of the same satin-lined nylon lace that lifts and rounds the bosom. #3368. White, Black. \$27.50.



Portrait of the fashion artist...in the field...

SHOPPING OR SIGHTSEEING, you travel slim. A gadabout who's mad about the brisk, neat look of Larry Aldrich's glen-plaid ensemble. The cropped jacket tactfully left unbuttoned over a bright, white jersey blouse. And behold—a waistline! High and loosely belted in black patent. Underlining this subtle, high-waisted look — Warner's new Social Whirl of power net... circle-stitched in front to let



around town! (with shape-scapes by WARNER'S)

fashion forget you *ever* had a tummy! (Slimming satin elastic thigh-to-midriff panels, too!) #955. White. \$22.50. Your bra . . . the newest Good News™ . . . stay-put, never-slip loveliness in Warner's own nylon lace. #1091. White. \$6.50.

YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED at a benefit luncheon, a committee tea, and finally, dinner for two. *You* request *one* costume to cover this multitude of scenes and steal every one

of them in Adele Simpson's belted silk coat with a frontward view of its coin-dotted slip dress.

Behind the scenes, Warner's sleek new corselette. It trims you with sidelong sweeps of satin elastic, flattens you front and back with power net, lifts and rounds your bosom with nylon lace and tiny pillows of foam. #3894. Star White, Midnight Black or Beige. \$29.50.



The artist in you has a ball!

...as WARNER'S floats you into two great poufs of fashion

THE INVITATION SAID "DRESS," and dress you do—in a splendid splurge of self-expression. Herbert Sondheim makes fashion fun of an upside-down ice cream cone with two scoops of pure silk print ... a perfect setting for your higher, softer bosom, your waspy waist.

The figure fun is compliments of Warner's latest Merry Widow...two layers of nylon marquisette (the outer layer freshly embroidered with daisies). It rounds your bosom with curves of foam, whittles your waist to a willowy slimness. #1353. White. \$15.00.

For list of stores carrying these Warner's styles, turn to page 80.

MAX FACTOR creates PAN-CAKE*

make-up perfection
for the woman
who meets over
12 people a day



*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR CAKE MAKE-UP

DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS

*Pan-Cake Make-Up... Max Factor's
Exclusive Formula... is the original
long-lasting Make-Up that
covers complexion flaws like
no other in the world*

The one and only make-up for today's busy, fashionable woman who *must* look her best hour after hour. PAN-CAKE Make-Up gives you that inner assurance that your make-up is fashion-right... no matter how critical your audience is. And how delightful to be completely confident that your lovely new complexion will keep its satiny-smooth perfect look all day long. Twelve carefully compounded true-skin colors. 1.75 plus tax.



Presenting

THE
FRENCH
LOOK
LAST

by André Perugia for

I. Miller



The shape of shoes to come! The color, I. Miller's own ; Olé!

The
French
line
by
Suzy Brooks



Couturier clothes for the small set styled by SUZANNE GODART for SUZY BROOKS. Big and little sister wear sleeveless white dresses piped in contrasting colors at the neck and pockets. Completing the French line . . . back-buttoned tunic with white collar and cuffs and a single red rose at the neck. "Tipperary", a Crown Soap 'n' Water* fabric of AVISCO® rayon. White with Navy or Red. Sizes 3-6X about \$9.00. Sizes 7-14 about \$11.00. BONWIT TELLER, New York City and Branch Stores; THE J. L. HUDSON CO., Detroit; JOSEPH MAGNIN CO., San Francisco and at the stores listed on page 158.

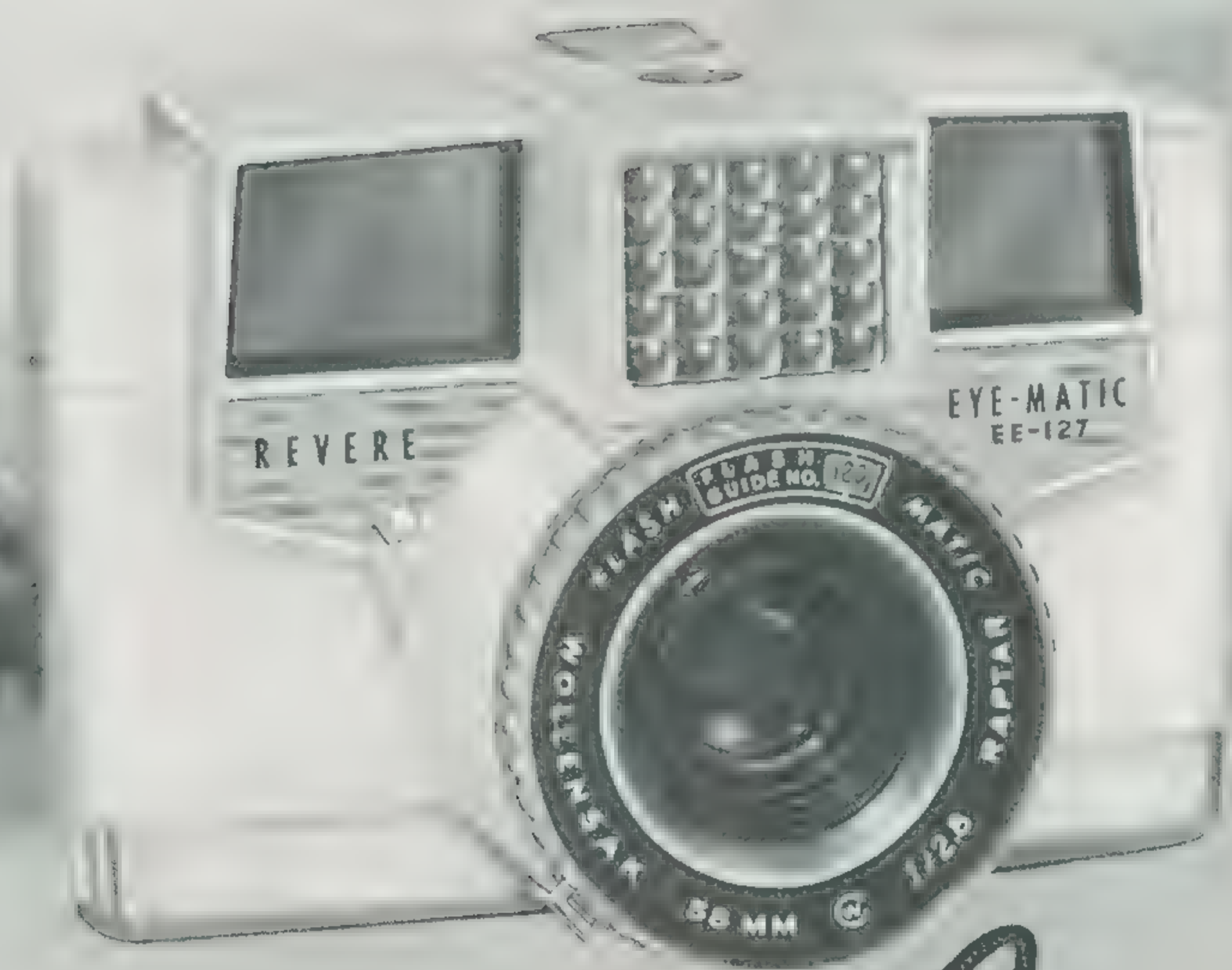
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Dream camera of the jet age . . . the Revere EE-127
Electric Eye-Matic. Ultra-magnificent and utterly simple
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Revere EE-127

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Smart companion for your globetrotting
 . . . Revere EE-127 Electric Eye-Matic
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 color on 1½"x1½" super-slides or
 print enlargements, all the scenes
 you want to remember forever.

COAT AND SUIT BY BEN GERSHEL
 DRESS AND BEACHWEAR BY BRIGANCE OF SPORTSMAN
 SEPARATES BY CUSTOM CRAFT
 KNITTED DRESS BY KIMBERLY

PAN AMERICAN BOEING 707 JET CLIPPER

enter,

the brushed knit

care-free and light as meringue

... the reason is

Orlon
ACRYLIC FIBER



WEBER'S brushed knit coatee of 100% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber, fizzing and foaming and luxuriating in its deep, soft, shaggy texture. "Orlon" brings this sweater far more than meets the eye! Superb lightweight warmth. Safe, easy washability with no block-

ing bother. In pink, blue, sunflower, lilac, peach, white, black. Sizes 34-40. About \$12. At Best & Co.; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, California and Seattle.

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE YARN OR SWEATER SHOWN HERE.

DU PONT'S BETTER LIVING FIBERS GIVE YOU SO MUCH MORE

BRIGHT OPENINGS

ALL THROUGH THIS ISSUE, AND
WALKING THROUGH SUMMER:
THE BRIGHT AND OPEN SHOES





GOOD THEATRE...

Bright and New Spring Openings

DRESS BY ABE SCHRADER
HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

THE NEW

vitality
SHOES.

Applause for the smart climax of your costume—your Vitality Shoes. The bright look—the open look—the fashion look of Spring. *Top:* Sophia in bone and nougat kidskin, coolly poised at any hour. *Center:* Souvenir, tailored for town in bone punched pig. *Bottom:* Riviera in scarlet calf. Its strap sidesteps the obvious, sweeps in an eye-catching curve. All are available in other colors, too, and come in a wide range of sizes and widths.

famous for fashion and fit \$10⁹⁵ to \$13⁹⁵

Vitality Wanderlust Shoes from \$8.95

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 66, MISSOURI



Perfect fit like the skin on an apple

bur-mil **Cameo**

SHAPEMAKER STOCKINGS

The smoothest, sleekest, best fitting stockings ever—
Cameo Shapemakers stretch to fit better than your own skin
—put comfort in fashion! Seamless and full-fashioned
that slim and shape to perfection. In costume colors and
skin tones. \$1.50 a pair. Other styles from \$1.15.

Burlington Hosiery Co.



A Member of Burlington Industries

Lortog's'
spring forecast:
the suit that machine-dries
with every pleat
in place

...the reason is

Dacron[®]
POLYESTER FIBER



DU PONT'S BETTER LIVING FIBERS GIVE YOU SO MUCH MORE

This automatic wash-and-wear suit of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% rayon is pleated, plaided and checked to perfection! Perfection, too, the performance "Dacron" gives it. It goes from washing machine to dryer and emerges ready to wear. Touch-up ironing is optional, for its pleats stay pleated, its shape stays put, its crisp, fresh look goes

on and on. In gray check with teal blue plaid, beige check with coral plaid. Sizes 3-6x, about \$11; 7-14, about \$13; 6-14 (subteen), about \$15. At Henri Bendel, New York City; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; J.W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or suit shown here.



Now...
heavenly comfort
in high-style
shoes!

NEOLITE
Flex Soles

so incredibly light and flexible...
so trim and dainty in appearance...
they're today's new must for finest shoes!

No other sole has ever done so much to heighten the comfort, the appearance and the lastingness of fine shoes.

Lengthwise, the NEOLITE Flex Sole bends at a touch. Sideward, it remains firm... won't twist up at the edges.

It has a dainty, paper-thin look... yet provides a firm, comfortable walking platform. And, it's damp-proof... won't crack or curl...

helps shoes keep their smart, trim lines far longer.

You'll never know how comfortable high-style shoes can really be until you've tried a pair with NEOLITE Flex Soles.

Look for them on leading brands of better shoes.



Watch GOODYEAR THEATER on TV—
every other Monday evening.

NEOLITE *Flex Soles*

made only by **GOOD YEAR**

NEOLITE, AN ELASTOMER-RESIN BLEND, T.M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO



IT
MAKES
GOOD
SENSE

Fashions by **Anita Modes**

Stereophonic...exciting from all directions. Two, very new, very much to-be-noticed ensembles by ANITA MODES. The tweeds, by CHANTILLY. The sizes, 10 to 16. The prices: each, under \$50. *Right:* full-length coat over curve-of-sheath, both fringed for fun. Beige, Navy, Gold, Green, Black. *Left:* Kimono-sleeved three-fourths coat over sleek sheath. Beige, Green, Black.

Available at:
Macy's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; May Co., Los Angeles; Bramson's, Chicago; Sterling-Lindner-Davis, Cleveland

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair



Cigarettes by **KENT**

Yes, it makes good sense to smoke Kent—and good smoking, too. Start with this: Of all leading filter cigarettes, Kent filters best. Next, Kent delivers the full, rich taste of the world's finest, natural-leaf tobaccos. Try Kent and enjoy—a wonderful feeling...wonderful taste!

Rice's, Norfolk, Va.; Craig's, Houston; Wenders's, Minneapolis; Wardell, Washington, D. C.; Altman's, Denver
or write Anita Modes, 1400 Broadway, New York 18

You're the temptress who wins him, in Dawnelle's handsewn gloves of whisper-soft Elvette double woven cotton. Positively alluring! Dawnelle Inc., 16 East 34th St., N. Y. 16, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Kansas City.

handle
him
with
dawnelle
gloves



*Pernod Green from Dawnelle's Collection of Garden Party Colors.

Delman undresses the toes this spring with great contradistinction. This pretty display of tiptoe **E**xposé

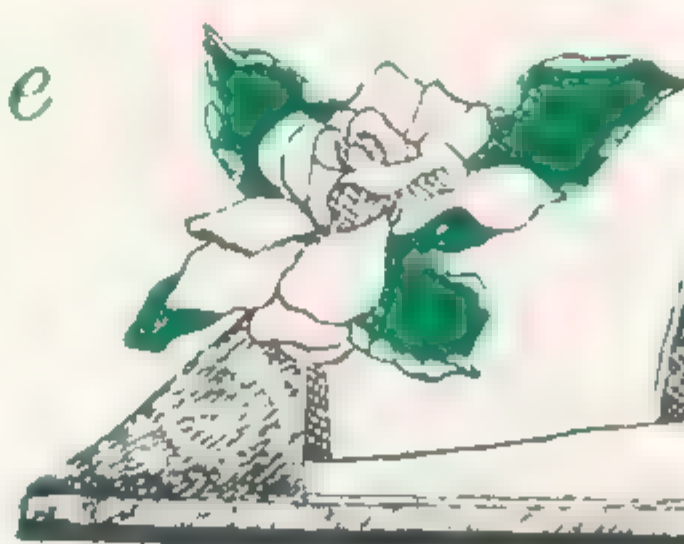


is carved from the vamp of a white, watermarked silk moiré cocktail pump with

little more than the veriest tip covered. This open-closed

Look is the loveliest and slenderest and shortest foot view imaginable. A **M**atte cape jasmine gardenia at the point of décolletage is but a flowery front for barely con-

cealing the toes, if at all. This is



a once-upon-a-time slipper,

A gay slipper destined to turn all the late afternoons of this bright **N**ew spring into Cinderella's bewitching hour.



**DELMAN
HAS
A CERTAIN
WOMAN
IN MIND**

T.M. Reg. 1944
Treo Company, Inc.



XXXXXX

TREO

XXXXXX

YOU REJOICE in the fashionable "look" of your Treo-styled figure... the feeling of control with freedom and blissful wearing comfort!



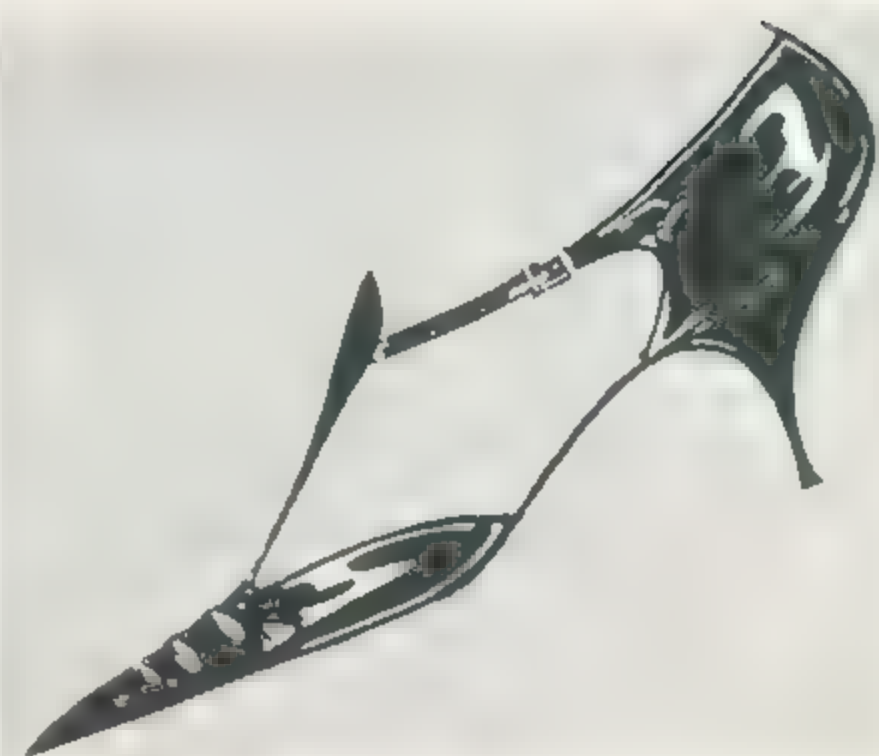
TREO
Style 452
22.50

"CHEERS" Bra
Style 741
5.

"CHEERS" by Harriette Ross

To COMPLETE your picture of youthful loveliness... this provocative, superbly-designed bra... in just about any color you might wish to match!

TREO COMPANY, INC., 200 Madison Ave., New York
TREO CORSETING, Montreal



Shoe looks: high and low

More here about the dress shown on page 108: A full skirt flows from the sleeveless, scoop-necked bodice. By Minx Modes, in copper and white striped Arnel jersey. \$25. Jay Thorpe. Four pointed shoe ideas (top to bottom): *orange plush pig-skin flat* by Risqué; about \$8 at H. P. Wasson; Carson Pirie Scott. *Black patent leather shoe* by Joyce (Seton leather); about \$15. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott. *Peach calf-skin pump* by Christian Dior-New York; about \$27. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Apricot flat* by Edith Henry of Allied kidskin.



DRAWINGS BY BARBARA FOX



Zefran and linen knits
by Goldworm available at:

DAYTON'S

Minnesota: Minneapolis
Rochester
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Washington: Seattle

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Texas: Dallas
Houston
Preston Center

RICH'S

Georgia: Atlanta

ZEFRAN[®]



For the woman who wants *everything*: variations on a (major) little knit theme by Goldworm. Never newer knit news: a cream-of-butternut blend of *linen* and Zefran* that looks and feels miraculously like linen but behaves mercifully like Zefran. Shape stays in, wrinkles hang

ZEFRAN IS THE LUXURY FIBER MAN MADE



out, the built-in bloom of youth glows with *joie de vivre*. We'd say perfect for women who travel if they weren't also perfect for women who don't travel. Problem: not *whether* but *which* to buy. Shirtwaist dress about \$40, middie dress about \$45, turnabout-top costume about \$60.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO WANTS EVERYTHING

*new acrylic alloy made exclusively by The Dow Chemical Company, Textile Fibers Department, Williamsburg, Va. DOW MAKES FIBER, NOT FABRIC OR APPAREL.





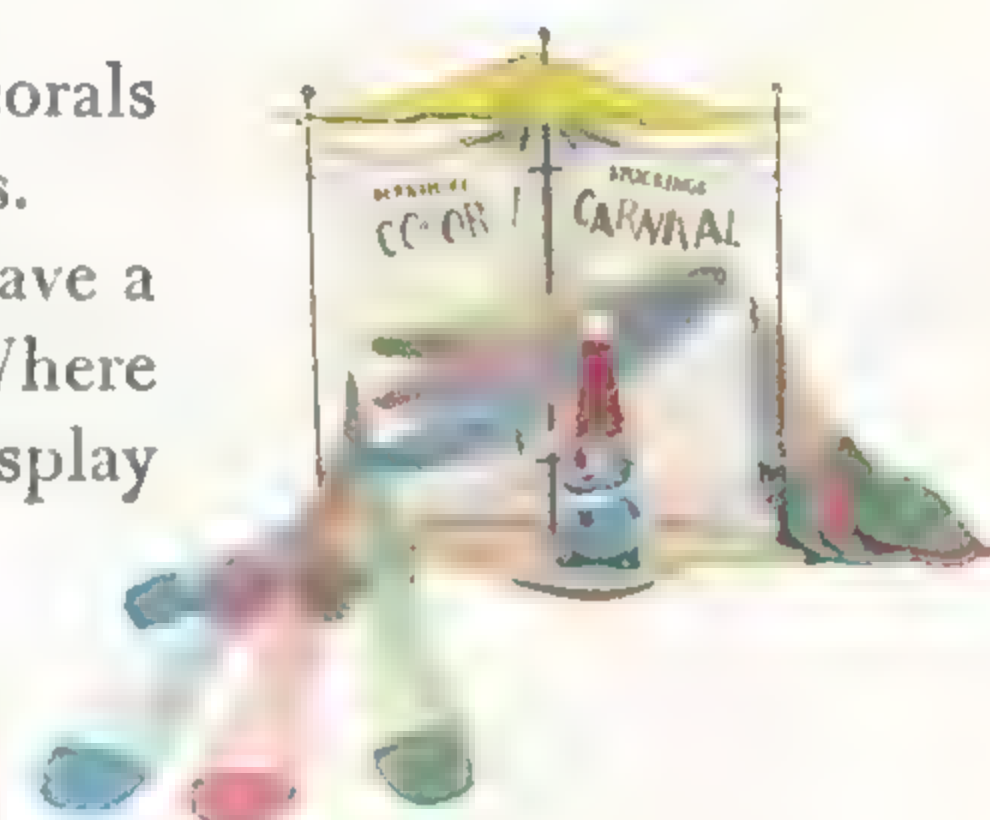
Legs are riding high—in Berkshire's Carnival Colors

THE NEWEST stocking colors are flying colors —reckless, madcap Carnival Colors! And suddenly *everything* you wear looks more exciting. More glamorous.

Your legs can't help having a roaring good time in Berkshire's Carnival Colors. Wear CONFETTI

with blues. FIREWORKS sets your pinks and corals ablaze. STEEPLECHASE is terrific with greens.

This Spring, have yourself some fun. Have a *carnival* with Berkshire's joyous colors. Where to get them? Look for this little clown display on hosiery counters everywhere.



Berkshire stockings are also available in Canada.



The Brilliant Now-Look of Lustre Calf

... adding distinction to the shapes and colors of spring,
in a trio of distinguished Accents: Center, Step Lively in Willow Green;
at left, Bugle Call in Crocus, Tan-Tulip and Nasturtium; at right, Snap-Strap in Daffodil.
Accent Shoes, delightfully priced at **10.95** to **12.95**.

Where can you buy them? Write

Accent® SHOES
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

Quality at your feet



Polished Pearl

The Shoe: New and sensationally beautiful. A transparent pearly kidskin with dramatic depths. It's a lovely leather you seem to look deeply into.

The color scope: In coral, blue, geranium, garden green, linden (green yellow), perla, gazelle, white.

The look: The bright and open V-strap to wear with your spring prints and solid shades . . . you'll have that Life Stride Look of perfection. 11.95. Other styles 6.95 to 11.95. Higher Denver West.

life stride®
the young point of view in shoes



Belle-Sharmeer

WHY WEAR
"JUST STOCKINGS"
WHEN YOU CAN HAVE
YOUR OWN LEG SHAPE
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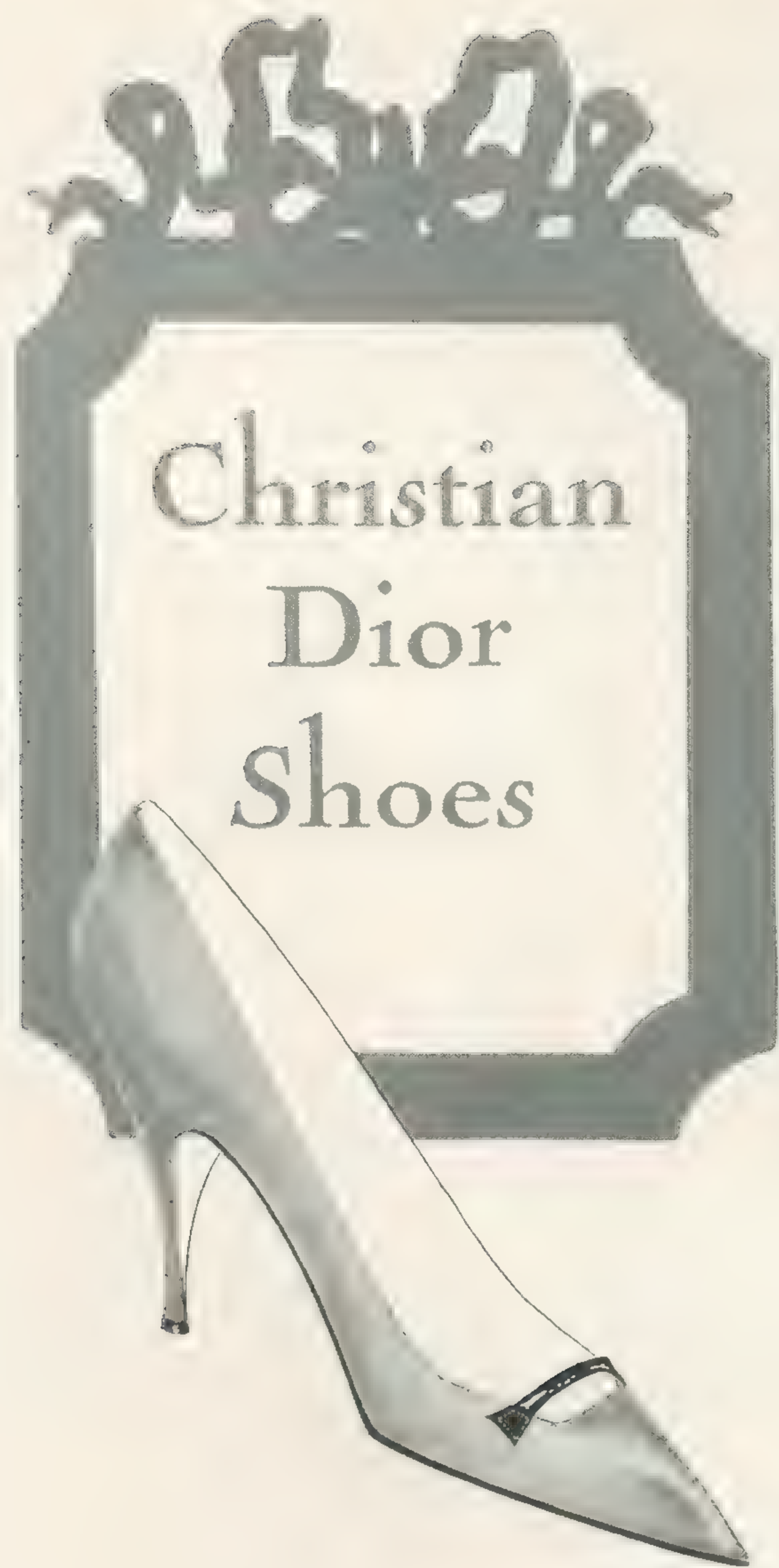
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Israeli diary

By John Rothenstein

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sir John Rothenstein, the Director of the Tate Gallery, kept this perceptive notebook on a recent journey: a persuasive idea for a holiday directed towards the arts.*

South-eastwards over the Taurus Mountains, over red lakes which from the high-flying aircraft looked like pools of blood (what were they?), over Cyprus, a dry leaf afloat on the bluest sea. Then I perceived what appeared to be a white thread suspended in the far distance between sea and sky. It was the line of waves breaking on the long shore of the Levant, stretching away northwards out of sight; Israel, Lebanon, Syria sharing this perfectly straight coast—but how little else!

"We're going to drive straight to Jerusalem," the man who came to meet me said—a breathtaking prospect for one who visits Israel for the first time. We drove across the sandy coastal plain; through Ramle, a small town entirely Arab in style; past dignified burnous-clad figures who sit on miniature donkeys as though they were thrones; past camels, crowds of children, soldiers in jeeps, everything in a haze of dust. The road climbed into the stony Judaeen hills. Suddenly we came into a village of Arab houses built on a steep hillside, and a twelfth-century Crusader church. Feeling that the time had come for me to tread this holy and historic ground, I got out of the car. At the door of the church were six small children sitting in an ancient stone water-tank, staring—a boat and its crew represented in some primitive painting. The church was in the care of an Arab who spoke French. Abu Ghosh (for that is the name of the place) was identified with Emmaus . . . but, the caretaker shrugged, there wasn't much evidence. There was a stone in the wall with an inscription referring to the Tenth Legion. This genial sceptic doubted whether it really was the men of this legion who cast lots for the garments of the Lord.

Up to Jerusalem: the new

city built, so far as I could see, entirely of white stone, with a complex of well-designed massive buildings, either already standing or else springing up, to form a kind of official acropolis.

Entering my room at the comfortable, oddly Edwardian, King David Hotel, I saw, as it were framed by the prosaic window, a most moving sight: the great walls of the Old City of Jerusalem, pierced by the blocked-up Jaffa Gate, and on the right, Mount Zion. "I'm going to stroll round the walls," I announced. "Do you see that building?" said my guide pointing at a nearby red roof. "No-man's-land begins there. If you stray beyond, you're liable to be shot by Jordan sentries."

Woken early by the sun, a fierce yellow ball like the sun van Gogh saw at Arles, rising above the Old City. A cock crowed. Did it crow for me?

I visited the Bezalel Museum, which houses a vast, miscellaneous collection particularly rich in objects of Jewish ritual, and a collection of paintings and drawings which includes a group by Pascin so fine as to compel me to revise my estimate of him. The director of the museum took me to see the series of some sixty first-century tombs, carved out of solid rock, of members of the Sanhedrin, set in a beautiful garden; at least one of these has a fine classical façade decorated with acanthus leaves and pomegranates. As I was backing away the better to see it, I tripped over some barbed-wire and found myself momentarily in the forbidden territory of Jordan, but luckily for me, there were no sentries on this section of the frontier. All over Jerusalem, and, as I was shortly to discover, almost all over Israel, one is liable to come upon this barbed-wire-marked frontier with a bitterly hostile nation. Strangers are apt to be surprised and even disquieted by it, but the Israelis are beset by such extraordinary dangers and such intractable problems that they seem scarcely to notice it, and when they

do, to treat it as no more than an inevitable nuisance. Adjoining a section of the frontier, near the King David Hotel, I saw another series of rock-tombs built by Herod for his family, which still has at its entrance a "rolling stone," resembling a great millstone, of the same type as that which is said to have closed the tomb of Christ.

Access to the Old City being forbidden, I went up to Abu Tor, a high place which overlooks it. On my way I passed through one of the "Orthodox" quarters, a place of narrow streets where, in contrast to the informally dressed and robust generality of the population, walked men wearing black hats, some trimmed with fur, and black suits or loose-fitting long black coats and black stockings. Both they and the children, also dressed in black, wore long side curls, and all looked pale. Many of the men, I was told, were fanatics and fierce opponents of the State of Israel, regarding as blasphemy its foundation before the appearance of the Messiah.

There it was, the place most sacred to three religions: Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre just out of sight, and likewise Gethsemane, but the surviving wall of Solomon's Temple, the Wall of Lamentation, could just be seen; also, quite plainly, the Dome of the Rock from which Moslems believe Mohammed ascended to Heaven. What is there to say about these endlessly written-about places, down there in the shimmering heat? Nothing, except how melancholy it is that these most holy shrines of three great religions are no longer accessible.

I was entertained at lunch by the deputy director of the Foreign Ministry, which gave me an opportunity of meeting some of the foremost men in the State. They could hardly have differed more in temperament one from the other, but they had two qualities in common which impressed me: freedom from that subtle aura of importance which elsewhere enshrouds the leading citizen, and the possession of extraordinarily open minds. There was no assumption among them of any air of authority, and no special deference was shown them. In discussing their work, even those—perhaps especially those—whose success had been spectacular, were ready to confess to mistakes, to speculate as to whether different methods would not have served their

purpose better. It was a long time since I had heard among public men interchange of minds so lucid, so genial, or so little prejudiced.

That afternoon I drove northwards from Jerusalem towards Haifa. A few miles outside Haifa I stopped near the foot of the splendid Carmel range at Ein Hod, a village handed over to a group of artists. There occur certain occasions when artists, closely united by their convictions—most commonly, perhaps, as fellow participants in some innovating movement—derive inspiration and comfort from one another's company. But such occasions are rare. Were I a painter or a sculptor, I should find, sooner or later, the close proximity of others sharing my vocation distracting or worse. Therefore I went to Ein Hod prejudiced against the notion of an artists' colony. To me, artists, while they should not by any means be isolated from their kind, should be no more than a leaven. Israel, where a great majority of the artists have been brought up in the traditions of other countries and therefore have little in common, is the last place for an artists' colony. Israel needs to grow a tradition, and artists' colonies are forcing-houses rather than seedbeds. But if anything could have removed my prejudice it would have been this group of enterprising and lively painters—one of them an original Dadaist, with a pretty daughter nostalgically named Dada—sculptors and craftsmen, inhabiting the spacious white Arab houses perched on a steep side of Mount Carmel. They had built themselves exhibition galleries, studios, firing ovens, a common-room and the like—they had extended their houses, they had made gardens. As I drove on to Haifa, skirting the great mountain, a huge wall of blackness now, I was charmed by what I had seen and heard, but my scepticism about artists' colonies lingered.

After a visit to Haifa's excellent museum of antiquities, I set out for Acre, calling on the way at Beit Shearim, where there is a vast fourth-century necropolis, at present being excavated. A whole hillside appears to be honeycombed with galleries of tombs, hewn out of rock and filled with a profusion of stone sarcophagi, sometimes heaped one upon the other. Every one of the dozens I saw bore the mark of having been prized rudely open. Many of

(Continued on page 44)



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ISRAELI DIARY

(Continued from page 43)

them appeared to have been brought from distant places; some were decorated with Roman as well as Jewish emblems. How was this immense area excavated, and how were all these massive sarcophagi transported? Unlike the Romans, the Jews had not the resources of an empire.

The fortified seaport of Acre has a various and momentous history, which still pervades its massive stones. In its history, figure persons as diverse as Hercules, Jonathan, St. Paul, Richard I of England, and Saladin (as its conquerors), and Napoleon, whose assaults it successfully resisted. For almost two centuries it was the principal base of the Crusaders, and for more than four centuries it was entirely deserted. A chance glimpse through a door giving on to the street could disclose half a dozen families, Jewish, Moslem and Christian Arab, camping in the courtyard and on the staircase of some great house. Such interiors—and there are many—look like sets for some modern play in which the characters may appear at any level. The people of Acre all seem, from their dress and bearing, to belong to the ancient world—they sleep in the sun, they beg: in short they seem to have no part in the purposeful and rather puritanical modern state of Israel. After walking along the massive ramparts—built in the eighteenth century on Crusader foundations—which surround the Old Town, and descending into the Crypt of the Knights of St. John of Acre—a great vaulted Romanesque chamber only recently discovered and now being excavated, which might have been designed by Gustave Doré—I was ceremoniously entertained at lunch in the house of a painter whose career would have been extraordinary anywhere else, but was, I suspect, nothing out of the usual here. He was an emigrant from primitive Yemen. Thinking to find the leisure to become a painter he became a shepherd on a collective farm, but this, he told me, was a grave mistake. A shepherd's life calls for vigilance so constant, that, far from enabling a man to paint or draw landscape, it gives him little opportunity even to observe it.

This painter, a born colourist, whose work I had already noticed with pleasure, seemed to me to exemplify the weakness of Israeli painters, which is due to the fact that they have not yet had time to establish a tradition. Evidently, having come across reproductions of the work of Soulages and other Parisians, my host was unable to digest the experience, and the effect upon his beautiful but lightly-rooted art has been destructive.

I had accepted an invitation to attend an artists' festival in the holy city of Safad, for which he too was bound. Approaching Safad, a splendid prospect opened out suddenly below: the Sea of Galilee, with Tiberias clearly visible on the near side, and on the far, the Syrian shore rising steep and tawny. Safad is an ancient town, the capital of Upper Galilee, and set high on a hilltop. It was long the chief centre of Cabbalistic study, and the author of *The Zohar*, the basic book of the Cabbalists, is buried here. A last, aged Cabbalist is said to survive, and I went in search of him from one splendid old synagogue, vaulted and white or blue-washed, to another, listening to the sonorous ineffably melancholy prayers—intoned much louder and faster than I would have expected—and watching the old rabbis with their rapt expressions. But the last Cabbalist was not to be found. There is a narrow passage giving entrance to Safad from the country, called the Passage of the Messiah; and an old woman was pointed out to me who had sat for ninety years at her window, which looked on to it, waiting for the Messiah. "What if He came when I wasn't there?" she asked her friends when they urged her to leave her vantage point.

Down past the hill on which the Lord delivered the Sermon on the Mount, to Capernaum and to the ruins not far from the shore of the synagogue where He taught. In spite of the bustle of pilgrims, Capernaum (now called by its still more ancient name of Kfar Nahoum) retains a serene and lyrical air. Farther along the shore, near the traditional site of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, a multitude of black goats,

mindful by blue-robed Arabs, were cooling themselves at the water's edge, and a few of these had made their way out on to projecting reefs of rocks. To the places along the shores of the Sea of Galilee and to rural Cana, Nazareth provides an odious contrast. It is not too much to say that the thieves driven from the Temple have reappeared in force in Nazareth. I saw accredited guides, hired at fixed rates, harrying visitors for tips and attempting to extract "extras" in return for chips of chalk alleged to come from the house of the Holy Family. The impression made by these "tough-guy" high pressure guides, the "gift shops," the architecture of many of the churches, and the atmosphere of competition and noisy knavery is melancholy indeed.

From Nazareth I went to Ein Harod, a *Kibbutz*, that is to say a collective farm. This is run in accordance with a rigorous discipline. The members of it own everything—except a minimum of personal belongings—in common, and do not use money, except for external transactions; all necessities are supplied in return for work. I asked whether there was any tendency among the younger generation to reject so Spartan a life. The answer I was given was that they asserted their desire for independence by leaving the older *Kibbutzim* to found new ones of their own. At Ein Harod there is a large and well-designed museum, which was showing a complete collection of the graphic work of Chagall—an institution which would do credit to any but the largest and most progressive cities at home—and it was put up by a collective farm! Later that day I attended a ceremony derived from the offering of the first-fruits to the Temple. In a natural amphitheatre half encircled by woods, with Mount Tabor for a background, children dressed in white placed, to the sound of music, their "first-fruits" on a big five-fold altar of hay—a kind of religious agricultural show.

Passing over Ascalon and Beersheba I flew down to Eilat, the new port at the head of the Gulf of Akaba. As the aircraft descended, ascending currents of hot air spun it like a leaf between the porphyry-red mountains.

The Gulf offered a spectacle unlike any I had ever seen. To begin with, the sea was really

blue, a far deeper and more brilliant blue than the Mediterranean. This wedge of blue is walled by diverging ranges of red, jagged mountains. On the left lay Jordan, on the right, Israel, and not far away, Egypt. The red mountains are thinly veiled by a white haze. I first went inland up the valley which is a projection of the Gulf. Turning away from its white earth and scattered tamarisks into a region of red rock too hot to touch and shaped as though by some crazy sculptor, was like turning from a real world—however strange—into a nightmare. It is a fierce region where nothing grows, and the only signs of life are the lazily wheeling, sharp-eyed vultures and an occasional huge crow looking for something (what could there be to find?) in the crevices of the red sandstone. I walked upon the site of King Solomon's copper mines, and picked up two little fragments of slag from the place where his refinery stood some three thousand years ago.

After lunch at Eilat's small, modern hotel, I went out into the Gulf in a glass-bottomed boat. Beneath it I saw suddenly among the coral reefs something man-made and quite near the surface. It was a crow's nest of a sailing ship, and resting on the sea-bed was the ship itself, both hull and rigging intact and bleached white, tinted the palest green by the limpid water. I have never seen a stranger or a more beautiful sight. Then putting on a glass mask and snorkel. I swam out into the sea, guided by an acquaintance, over the miraculous coral reefs, blazing white with "flowers" of sapphire and of scarlet, and among the darting blue fish.

I found that if you swim without splashing the fish treat you as one of themselves and approach unconcerned. Swimming over a coral reef, which can grow so near to the surface that you think you may be scratched, and seeing the sea-bed fifty feet below put me in mind of childhood dreams of flying over cliffs.

Israel today offers to the traveller the most exhilarating spectacle—a modern state with the latest techniques at its command, emerging with dazzling speed in a setting of the rarest natural beauty, and of unique antiquities, the discovery and study of which has become the chief national pastime.



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The Costa del Sol- and the sun

BY F. H. PARTINGTON

Although there is no place in Europe where winter warmth can be guaranteed, the place where it is most likely to be found is the *Costa del Sol* in Southern Spain. Here, there is the sun, and the early flowers, and the fascination of traditional Spanish life flows serenely on, apparently unaffected by travellers or by inflation.

Occasionally, a *levante* blows, which means cold nights as soon as the sun sets, and southern Spanish hotels, even in the luxe category, are not comfortably equipped for cold nights. But then, neither are those of southern France or Italy. But when the nights are only somewhat fresh between Algeciras and Málaga, there is often deep snow in the northern parts of Europe and the United States.

There are, to be frank, some liabilities to be offset against the marvellous asset of the sunshine. Spanish plumbing is eccentric, and both the hot and cold water supplies are unreliable. The Spanish version of cosmopolitan cookery found in hotels in the south, is dull and heavy, and hotel management and service is inclined to be unimaginative. Finally, prices, though still lower perhaps than in Italy, and markedly lower than in France, have risen steeply. But—there is the Sun.

You will probably start at Gibraltar. There are daily flights from London and Madrid, but it makes a great addition to the holiday to have a car, and, if you do not bring your own, a car can be hired in Gibraltar.

Gibraltar has a fine hotel, The Rock, not inexpensive, but with a beautiful garden and thrilling views across to Spain and the other Pillar of Hercules in Morocco. The British occupation, however, has stripped the place, not of course of its interest, but of most of its charm, and in Baedeker's phrase, 'a day or two will suffice.'

Across the bay, at Alge-

ciras, is another fine hotel, the Reina Cristina, which was very well-run last winter—hotels, it must be recognized, do have their managerial ups and downs—and very reasonably priced. Algeciras is a very African town and therefore has an initial fascination, but its interest, like Gibraltar's, is soon exhausted; though the hotel garden is a charming place in which to laze away the sunny hours. And here, there is the most exciting view of Gibraltar.

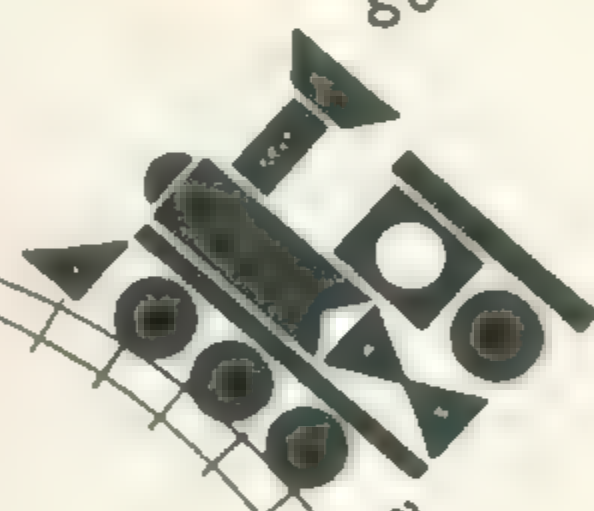
Suppose you spend a day or two in Gibraltar and a day or two in Algeciras, and then drive east, at first over the rocky foothills, and next along the blue, blue sea of the *Costa del Sol*, proper. Here all the fascination of subtropical flora begins. Flocks of egrets fish on the beaches a few yards beyond the herds of goats that apparently thrive on scrub and prickly pear.

The first important place on the coast is Estepona, where they catch the anchovies that are served fresh, joined four or five by the tail, and grilled, in the local *fritura*. Do not, by the way, miss the *chanquete* in these parts (little fish that make English whitebait look like whales). They melt deliciously in the mouth. Remember, too, that the local octopus, though it may not look so appetizing, is more tender cooked in its ink than when fried.

The resort places begin at Marbella, where the Marbella Club Hotel is 'well spoken of.' A little further east is the Hotel Alhama, beautifully furnished and standing in a large and charming garden; but it is only fair to say that the water hereabouts is apt to be brackish. And so we come to the famous Torremolinos, a nest of hotels of every category, headed by El Pinar, and El Motel (that name is self-explanatory) surrounded by its bungalows. Everywhere there are new hotels, new bungalows—many for rent furnished.

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you expect to find at Torremolinos the 'pretty country place . . . the returning memory of a dream long forgotten,' written about as recently as 1949 by Dame Rose Macaulay. Torremolinos has become, in fact, a brisk little resort, with its own BEA bus service, shops designed in the Hollywood manner, and bustling estate development. Yet with a car it could be the centre for a very pleasant winter holiday. Even for those without a car, the frequent bus services permit excursions in all directions and glimpses of Spanish life a few miles in the hinterland.

A little east of Torremolinos is the golf club, with turf not quite of Scottish quality, but still a golf club; and an excellent government-run restaurant. The resorts run on, almost into the handsome city of Málaga, which is perhaps the best centre for a leisurely winter holiday designed to avoid the chills of the north.

Málaga is dismissed rather discourteously by the writers of aesthetic travel books: the cathedral impresses rather by its size than by its beauty, and there is not much of architectural merit. The fascinating enclosed market, however, retains one fine Moorish arch.

But it is a city of delightful gardens and profligate flowers. The main coastal street, the Alameda, is a long promenade of palms and planes, with giant poinsettias and trees blossoming richly in January. On one side it is prolonged by an open-air orangery, where delightful nursemaids sit by day with their *niños* and where, on a warm winter evening, the air is sweet with the scent of the fruit.

Best of all is the lovely Alcazaba, restored to the graceful semblance of a Moorish garden. Here, climbing courts and winding alleys are full of mimosa and calla lilies, and on a February noon, the cherry blossom will be covered with giant bees and tortoise-shell butterflies.

The leading hotel, the Miramar, has its own handsome garden and swimming pool, and a terrace that absorbs the sun and commands a striking view over the whole blue bay of Málaga, up to the hills to the west, beyond the rich flat lowland, where the sugar canes and famous raisin grapes and delicious custard apples grow. These hills protect the city and give it a special warmth even for this warm coast.

Eastwards, the suburb of La Caleta is full of fine villas (and even has an English church) spreading to another range of hills that glow with rich reds and limpid greens in the winter sunset. Behind Málaga, the walls and walks rise steeply to the ruined Moorish fort of Gibralfaro, where there is an inn, the Hosteria de Gibralfaro, (reached also by a well-graded motor road) with a stupendous view that on very clear days extends to the African shore.

Málaga offers a special short course in Spanish for foreigners during its winter festival, January 15 to February 15. At the end of January, there are open competitions at the Torremolinos golf course; clay-pigeon shooting for those whom it amuses; and, early in February, a week of horse show and jumping contests. Naturally, there is tennis all the winter. Good theatre and fair opera companies visit Málaga.

Early in February, the bullfighting season opens here with a *novillada*. Besides the ordinary fighting with young bulls, a *rejoneo* was added in 1958, in which the bull is killed by a superbly mounted horseman attacking it with progressively shorter lances, until the *coup de grâce* is given with a pair of hand daggers.

But besides these 'attractions' there is the life of a Spanish city. If Málaga is not interesting in the guidebook sense, everything in it is interesting to the inquiring eye and alert mind. Its fine port is always busy with the comings and goings of yachts, fishing boats, tramps, the overnight African packets, and warships. Its market, divided between fish, flesh, and flora, is a fascinating spectacle, where gipsy vendors continuously infiltrate with little trays of cut-price lemons and garlic until, not having paid their dues, they are driven off by the omnipresent police.

Wherever there is a flat surface by the port, the fishermen are daily mending their huge nets, or twining cords and ropes of esparto grass with antique but efficient machines. Herds of goats come into the centre to be milked and are driven out to be fed on chopped cactus at the little bastions of the long sea wall. Convoys of mules and donkeys thread their way through the streets, the belled leader claiming right of way against all motor traffic, and on the furthestmost rump of the last

(Continued on page 48)

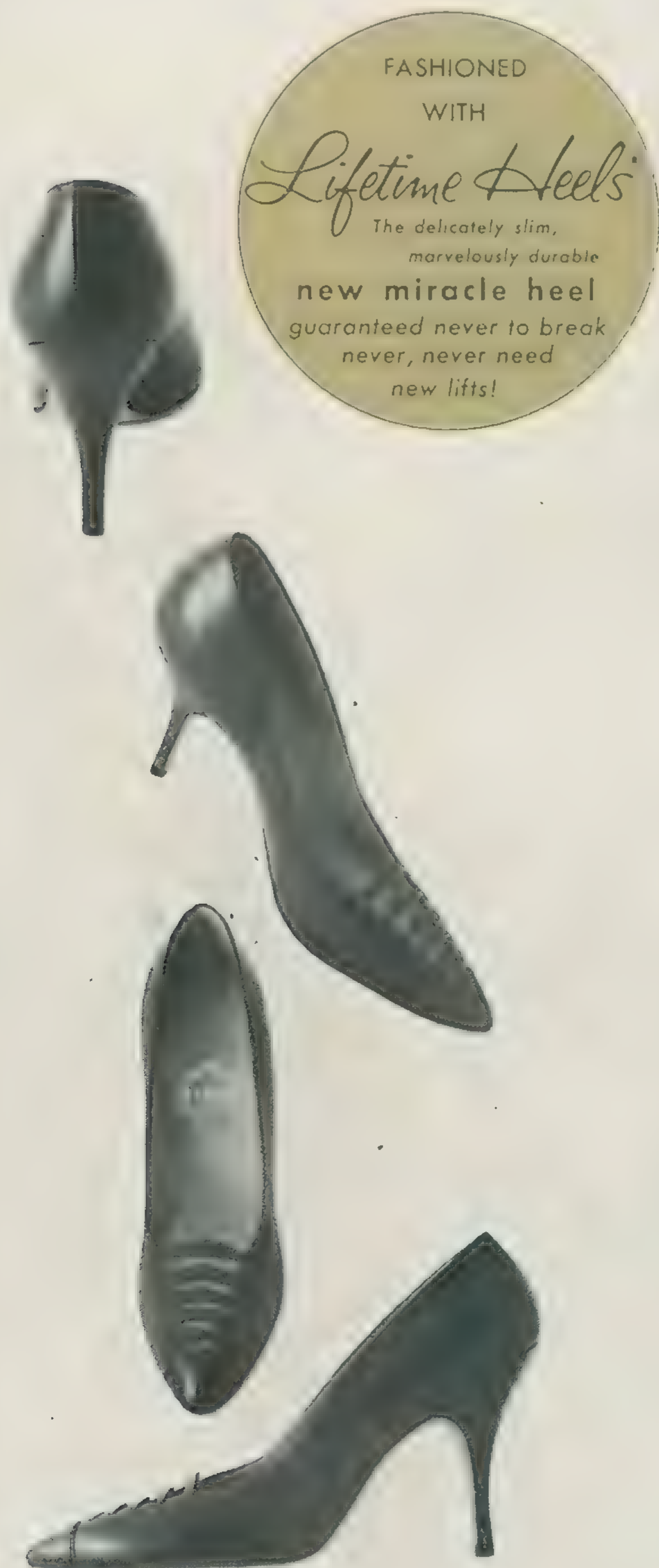
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THE COSTA DEL SOL—AND THE SUN

(Continued from page 47)

donkey, a small boy is usually perched.

Behind the smart boulevards and modern business streets is a maze of shopping arcades closed to wheeled vehicles, pretty plazas, and traditional alleys where the balconies almost touch each other across the upper storeys. Every evening there is the cheerful *paseo*, where one can watch charming girls of every kind of beauty—derived from their long mixed ancestry of Iberians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, and Moors.

From Málaga, there are the two great excursions, to Granada and Ronda. Leaving after breakfast, you can drive up through almond blossoms and cork trees to the high sierras, and arrive in Ronda in time for an early lunch, leaving the afternoon for wandering about this romantic place. The famous gorge divides the spacious 'new' (17th and 18th century) Spanish town from the Moorish settlement, full of fine houses and pretty plazas.

Hidden among its narrow lanes is a small Renaissance cathedral, embracing the remains of the mosque and Visigothic church that preceded it. The historic and beautiful bull ring, the most ancient in Spain, is, so to speak, the St. Andrews of bullfighting. The views across the gorge are magnificent, but do not linger over them too long—leave time to reach the junction with the sea road in daylight, for the thirty miles to the coastal plain are a whorl of corkscrew bends.

You can, of course, stay overnight at the Reina Victoria hotel, which has a fabulous prospect over the rich fruit gardens to the mountains and their mule tracks where the contraband trade still flourishes, despite the efforts of all the *Guardia Civil*. At any street corner in Ronda, you can buy smuggled cigarettes. There is said to be a fixed price for them, as there is for the cigarettes of the *régime*.

Some two hundred miles northeast of Málaga, as the crow flies, is Alicante; it is on the coast and is full of sun. Unless you have a car it is, however, a gruelling journey from Málaga, either by Granada or by the coast road through Motril and Almería; but it is worth taking in if possible.

There is great dispute as to

whether it is as sunny as Málaga, but it seems drier, and at any rate has a wonderful winter climate, particularly good for hibernating bronchitics, and ordinary sun-worshippers can pleasantly spend a few days there.

Again the city has not much to offer in the architectural sense, but it is excitingly placed on a narrow strip between harbour and hills. The commanding hills are topped by the castles of Santa Barbara and San Fernando. The large, active harbour is most entertaining. The terraced rooms of the new Carlton Hotel look across a beautiful avenue of date palms to the water front fifty yards away. Rise one morning as soon after seven as possible, to see the chaffering in the fish market on the return of the sardine trawlers, each with its two satellite rowboats equipped with a great chandelier of lamps to attract the fish.

From Alicante, full of fascinating shopping arcades and antique alleys, there are good excursions to be made. South, across the vineyards, rice-paddies, and dense-packed orange groves, you go to Elche and its famous forest of date-palms, returning by the pretty fishing village of Santa Pola, opposite the Isla de Tabarca and the other islands. Elche does have beautiful buildings, and it was here that they found the famous *Dama de Elche*, the mysterious Iberian bust that now graces the Prado in Madrid. North, you go out by fantastically eroded peaks and through beautifully terraced vineyards and olive groves, to Benidorm and Calpe, delightful in their winter quietude, and to the stupendous ancient volcano of Ifach, looking like another, and scarcely smaller, Rock of Gibraltar. And Gibraltar is where you came in . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: How to get there: By air, New York-Madrid, TWA and Iberia Airlines, \$822.60, round trip, first class. BEA flights London-Madrid-Gibraltar leave twice a week, \$187 round trip, first class.

By sea, New York-Gibraltar on the Home Lines or Italian Lines; American Export Lines' ships the "Independence" and the "Constitution" go to Algeciras. Fares vary according to season and accommodation.

Andros Pleasure

The key words, isolated, pretty, comfortable, good, fit the Lighthouse Club and the Andros Yacht Club at Andros Town like a lock and key. In addition, the Lighthouse, a sprawling, two-storey white house, massed with green and hung with swags of magenta flowers, has the air of a big, well-run private house where the staff has an interest in the guests. With the sea, the creek, and the pool, there is enough water for practically anyone. Fortunately, the enormous grounds just miss being manicured, but there are flowers everywhere and a relaxed feeling even to the shrubs. After all, they too, are Bahamian.

Andros Town is nothing but the Lighthouse and the Yacht Club, Siamese twin clubs; if you belong to one, you belong to the other. Sixty miles at sea from Nassau, the place is only fifteen minutes by Bahamian Airways.

On Andros the two clubs and the land for acres around belong to what is known as "The Company." The Company is the Andros, Bahamian Development Company, which is essentially Dr. Axel Wenner-Gren, that cool-eyed, seventy-eight-year-old Swedish industrialist, who owns, among many other matters, Nassau's Hog Island. The Company has its own sanitation, telephone, electricity, water departments, its own vegetable, cattle, and dairy farms. When the guests run out of conversation about fish, there is always that handy peg—figuring out how the place can pay off since everything is on a generous scale.

The emphasis here bears down on three things, all necessary, but sometimes forgotten at the big hotels at Nassau: good food, cleanliness, and plenty of service. Everything in the dining room or poolside luncheon terrace that should be hot is hot, including the rolls and crackers; everything that should be cold is cold, including strong vichyssoise and the salads. The pastry is light and rich, the cream really cream-yellow. Pink-uniformed, the young, lithe waitresses are all from Andros, had no training until François, an amusing, intelligent Corsican who loves fishing (now in charge of the kitchen and the din-

ing room), gave them their polish.

The rooms at the Lighthouse are attractive, each with bath, dressing room, and a big private balcony or terrace with a view to the sea. There are only thirty-six double rooms, plus three cottages, each with two double rooms. (The price, \$50 to \$60 a day, with three meals for two.) In the season, twenty or more yachts are tied up at the Yacht Club.

Most of the people come to Andros for two purposes, sometimes tied together. They are resting or fishing. Those who fish often divide into two groups. Those who want wahoo, blue marlin, or sailfish go out in one of the Company's two deep-sea boats. Complete with guide, tackle, and bait, the boats cost \$75 to \$100 a day. The other fishermen are essentially out for bonefish. (The Andros flats are famous for these sporting, fast fish.) The bonefish skiffs, and there are twelve of them, cost \$30 a day, and a good bonefish man can get as many as thirty in a day.

Note: at luncheon and at dinner, there is a small but effective foursome playing calypso, gombay, or Cole Porter, and everything in between. Sidney Wood at the piano has a sweet, clear, dark voice; the double tom-tom and the gombay drummer has an intricate, braiding beat with his long fingers. The bass fiddler and the ten-year-old son of Wood who shakes the maracas are both solemn and rather severe. Gombay, by the way, is actually a form of repartee on the gombay drum, with one hand answering the questions of the other. After the despairing, thin, sadness of many American songs, gombay is happy, a bit wild, and exciting. "Gombay Papa, Beat de Drums," heard all over Nassau, was written about twenty years ago, by a man from the United States.

Note: The Lighthouse, run by Hylan Chesler who has the darting, seeing eyes of a good manager, has two further necessities. A good Swedish masseur who comes over from a Stockholm hospital each year, and a young hairdresser who doubles as barber. The men say she gives an extraordinarily good haircut.

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Pigeon Point, Tobago, a landscape fit for Gauguin.

Tobago— like a South Sea island but in the Caribbean

A jungly, hilly island, Tobago has undiluted beauty. A Persian poet recently wanted to buy the island for himself, his three wives, and his fifty concubines, but fortunately for travelers, the request was denied and the island remains accessible to the general public.

Clear coconut-palm groves, like many-columned temples, lead to powder sand and water as green as a cat's eyes. Snorkeling at Buccoo Reef, one sees extraordinary, large parrot fish, schools of red fish with green eyes, small yellow ones with blue eyes. Motor launches transport people to the reef, masks are provided, and sneakers to guard against coral cuts, which are painful and slow to heal.

Looking at the largely uninhabited shore land of Pigeon Point from "Nylon Bay," one is reminded of paintings by Paul Gauguin and of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. (Tobagonians claim Daniel Defoe set his famous book here, and gladly show off the castaway's cave.) Although there is no record of Gauguin at Tobago, he visited for a while another Caribbean island, Martinique. Spear fishing and deep-sea fishing are two of the major sports; Anthony, a powerful man, who knows all the Latin names of fish, might go along on expeditions for tuna or barracuda.

At Bacolet Beach (where the Bacolet Inn has pretty cottages), Deborah Kerr made the movie *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Princess Margaret spent an unofficial holiday last April at the Arnos Vale Beach Hotel. (Her room was number 19.) A complex of main house, beach house, pool, and cottages, the Arnos Vale is tucked into a hillside above a crescent beach. A large pink place, the Bluehaven Hotel, has a new cruiser, which sleeps five, for game fishing excursions.

Nearer the airport, the new Crown Point Hotel looks Californian, with tiled floors, bright blue ceramic tables, sand sculptures, a winged terrace around a turquoise pool floodlit at night, and bedrooms with balconies. A steel band is apt to play such unexpected numbers as Schubert's "Serenade" at dinner, switching to calypso for dancing. On Saturday nights, most people go to the Robinson Crusoe, a hotel in Scarborough, where the owner plays the piano.

Thirty minutes from Trinidad by British West Indian Airways, Tobago is best reached on the evening plane, as the morning departure is extremely early. Rates at Tobago hotels range from \$12 to \$22 a person a day with meals, including tea. BWIA flies Viscounts from New York, \$289 round trip.

Discoveries in beauty: hair raising

Blondes should be particularly happy about French Formula Shampoo—along with a rich lanolin base that works against dryness, there's a built-in lemon rinse for highlighting. This new one-operation treatment is by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Too dry, too oily, too-anything—the Breck Salon in New York is up to all hair problems. Among the corrective devices here: a vitaminized Cream Treatment massaged into the scalp before or after shampooing. Manageability, lustre, smoothness, and liveliness result.

For the somewhat less than intrepid, there's news of a super-temporary hair-colouring called Glo-Puff which is stroked on via hairbrush, just after shampooing. (It promises, too, new body for baby-fine hair.) Glo-Puff comes in twelve colours—and in a push-button dispenser. Orcel Salon, New York.

What's wanted to summerize winter hair: a three-month head start and several ounces of prevention—the treatments listed on this page are specialists in the business of building the hair's resistance to sun, heat, salt water.

Grounding fly-away hair is the bailiwick of Dusharme Creme Hair Dressing, a non-gooey conditioner that can be used to set sopping hair, and between shampoos at the management level.

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Lustre Calf
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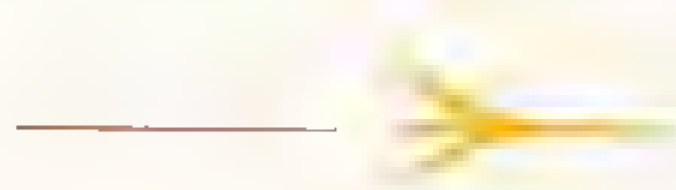
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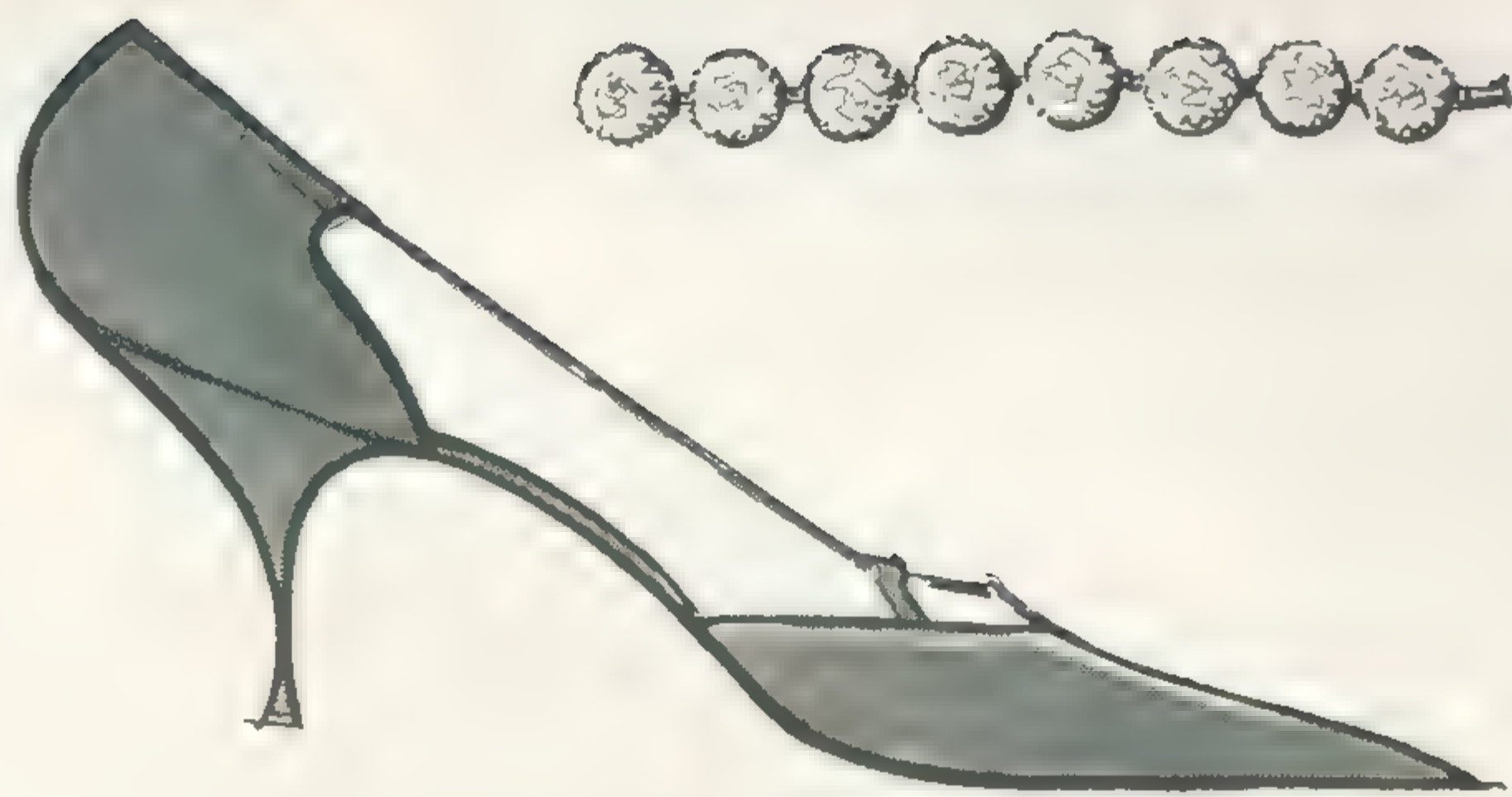


Appointment

The new seamless stockings
at these fine stores

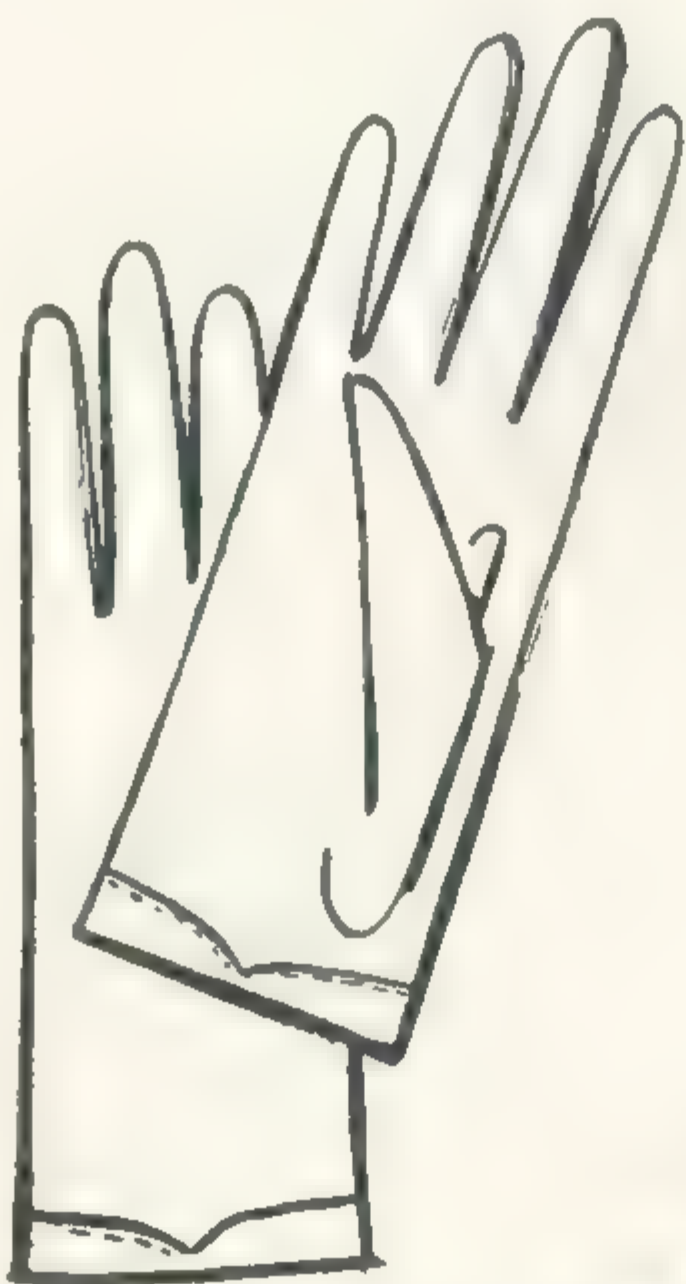
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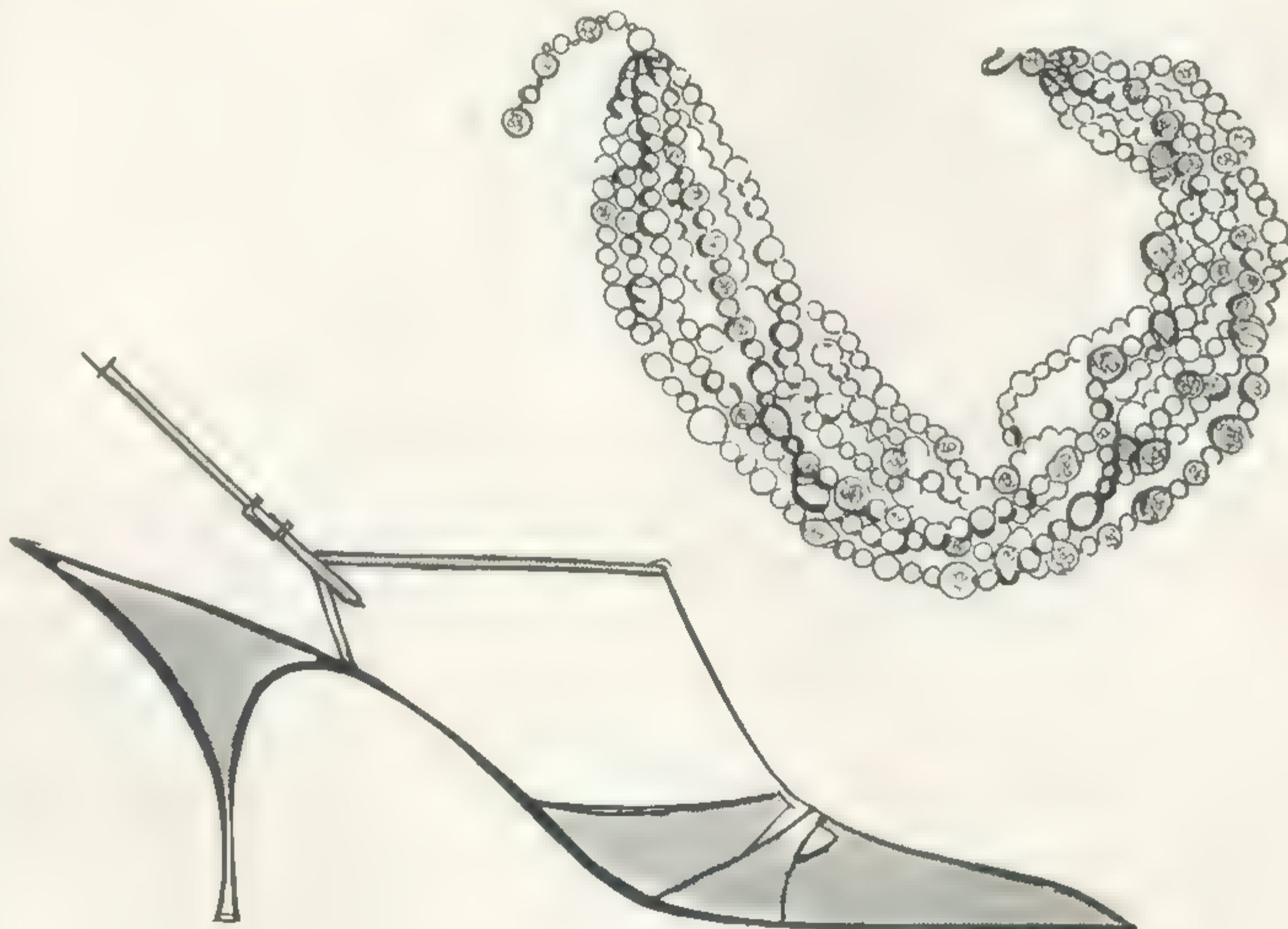


Bare at the sides, this clover-green kidskin open pump is based on a slender, medium-high heel. By Valentine; about \$13 at Rich's. Linked turquoise stones make the bracelet by Castlecliff. \$12.50 plus tax at Gunther Jaeckel.

Coloured shoes— in the clover



Singly-strapped deep-green kidskin opera pump by Ci Ranno of Allied kidskin. Wrist-length, hand-sewn gloves in pale-endive cotton. By Crescendoe. \$3 at Bloomingdale's.



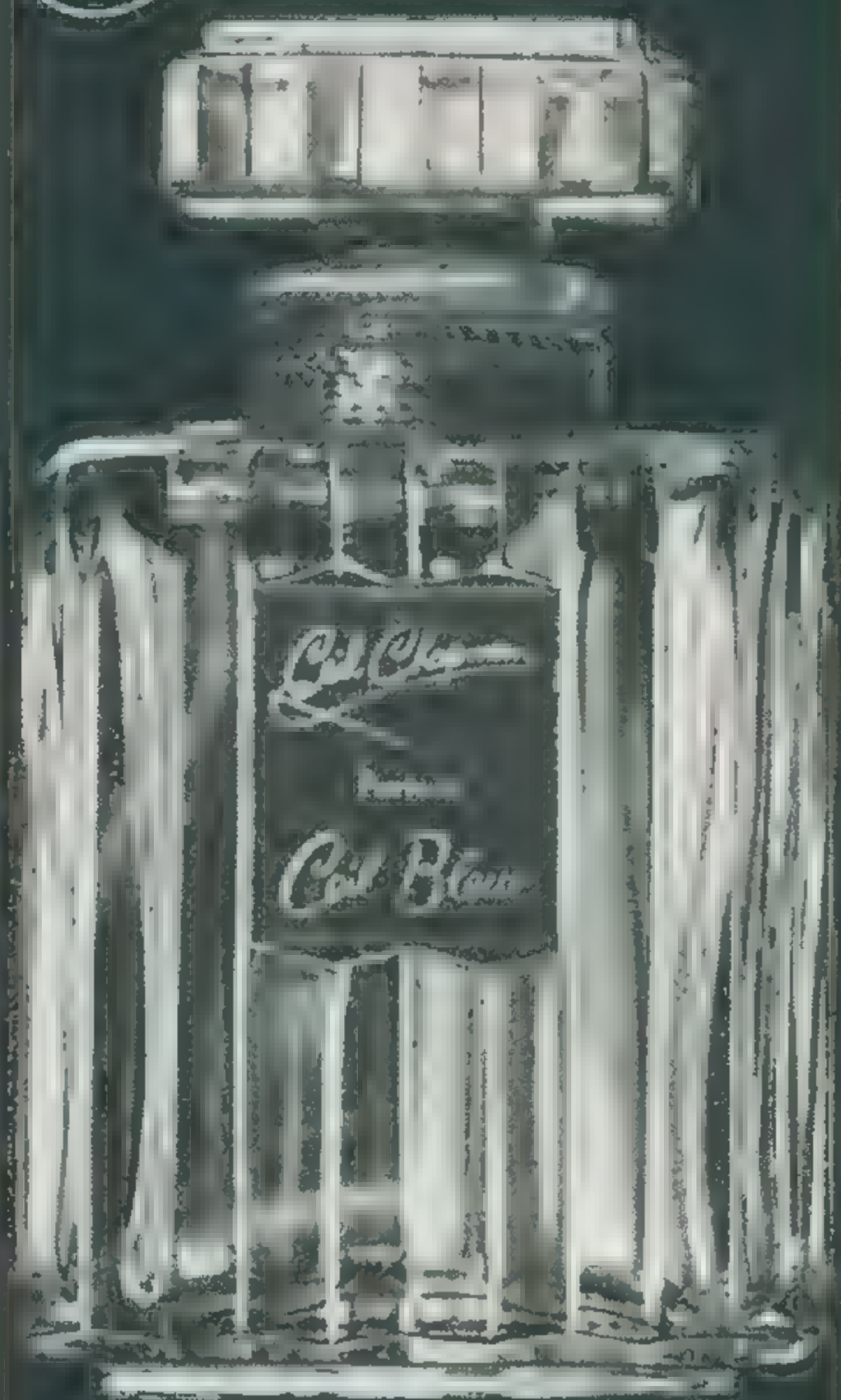
A T-strap sandal in green calfskin with vented vamp and a high heel. By Jacqueline of A. C. Lawrence leather; about \$12 at Oppenheim Collins. Seven-strand turquoise-coloured necklace by Fashioncraft. \$20 plus tax: Saks Fifth Avenue.

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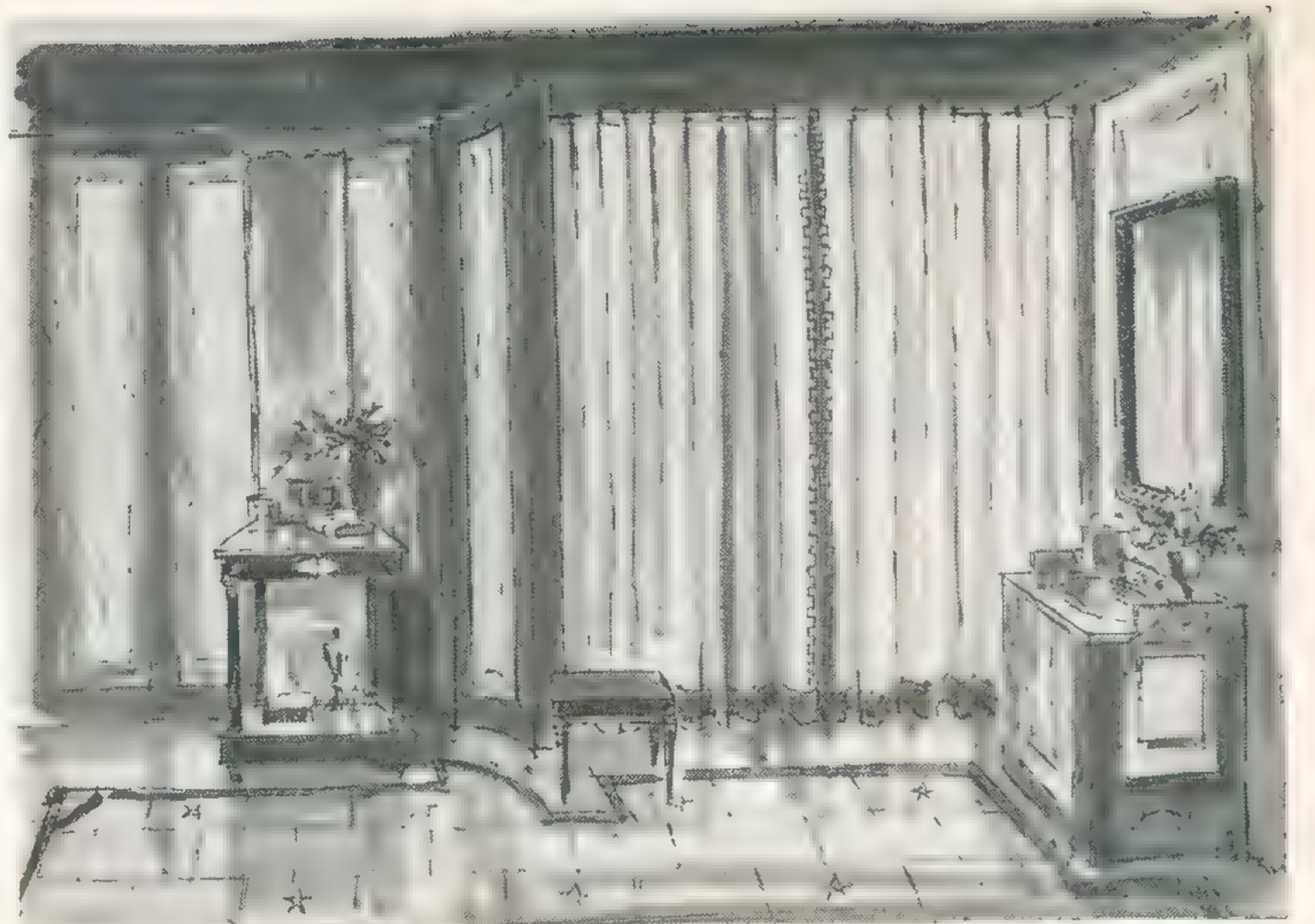
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20th CENTURY SPACE-MAKERS

12' x 6' bathroom, like a Directoire pavilion

An elegant surprise: the formal bathroom, as impressively detailed as a drawing room. Designed by Michael Greer, the one shown *above* utilizes for a lavatory a *faux marbre* cabinet with a real marble counter and splashback, a Louis XVI mirror above; for a dressing table, an Empire console; beside it, a Directoire stool; covering the shower curtain, silk lampas fabric, with Empire braid. The space-making here: vertical lines and trompe-l'oeil effects such as alternating panels of marbleized wallpaper and paint with wallpaper mouldings. To complete the look, two significant "firsts" in towelling, shown *below*. On the left, from France, a two-faced terry cloth, one side solid blue, the other side printed in a "Toile de Jouy" pattern, blue on white; 60" x 72" bath sheet, \$25 at Porthault. On the right, from Austria, "Basketweave," a jacquard weave in white or beige. The bath towel, \$5.75 at Léron, monogram not included.



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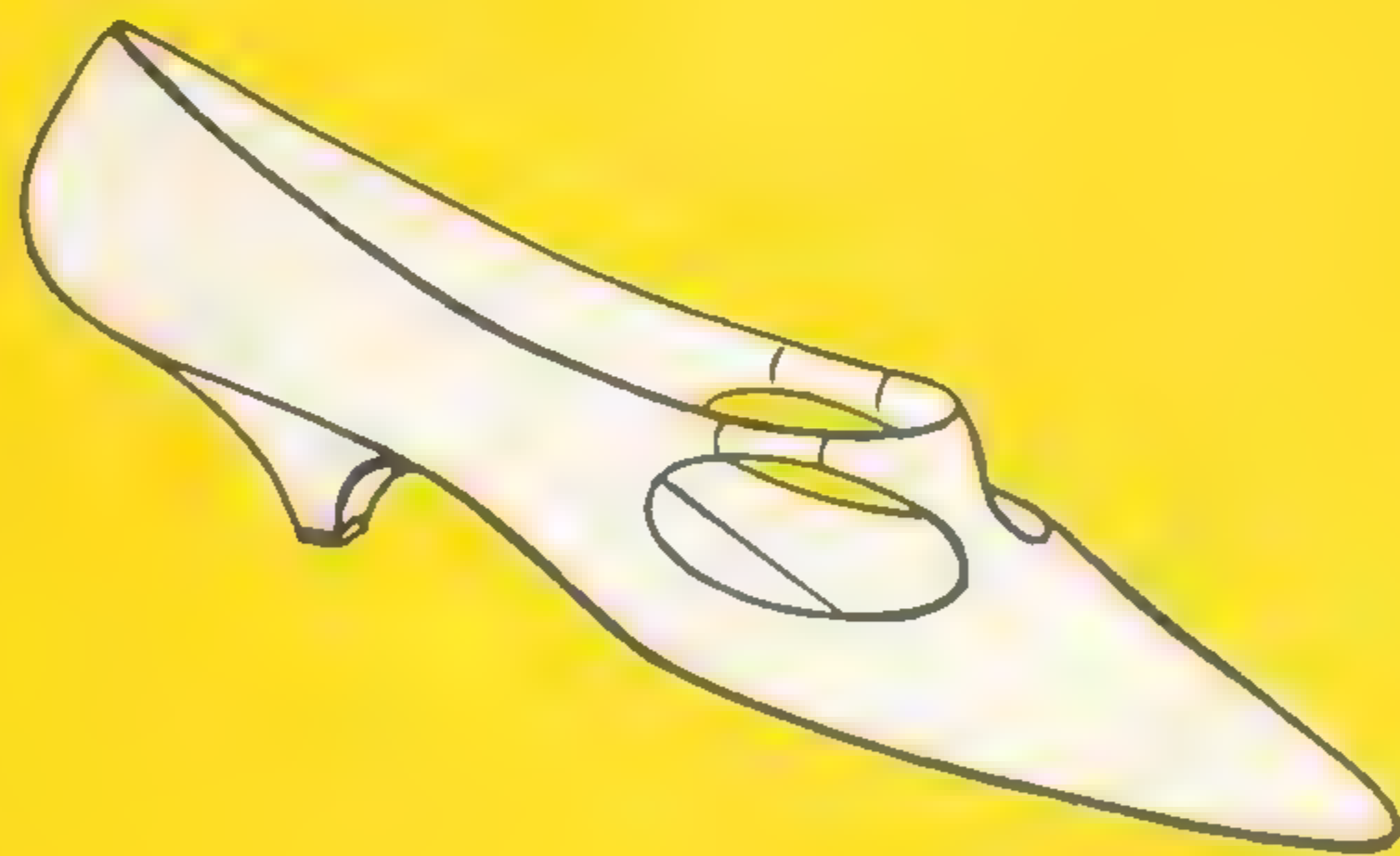
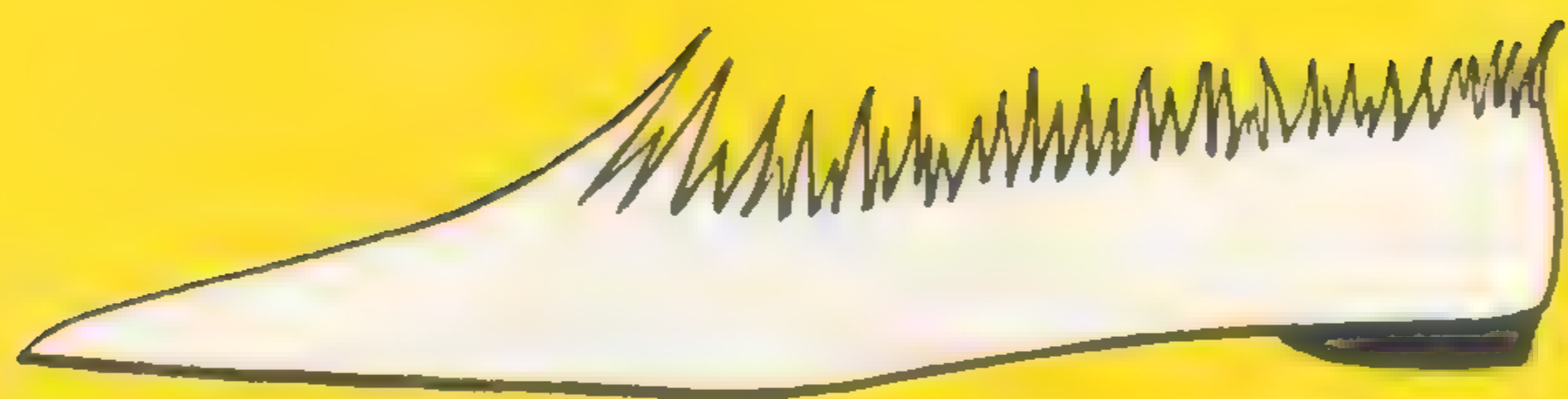
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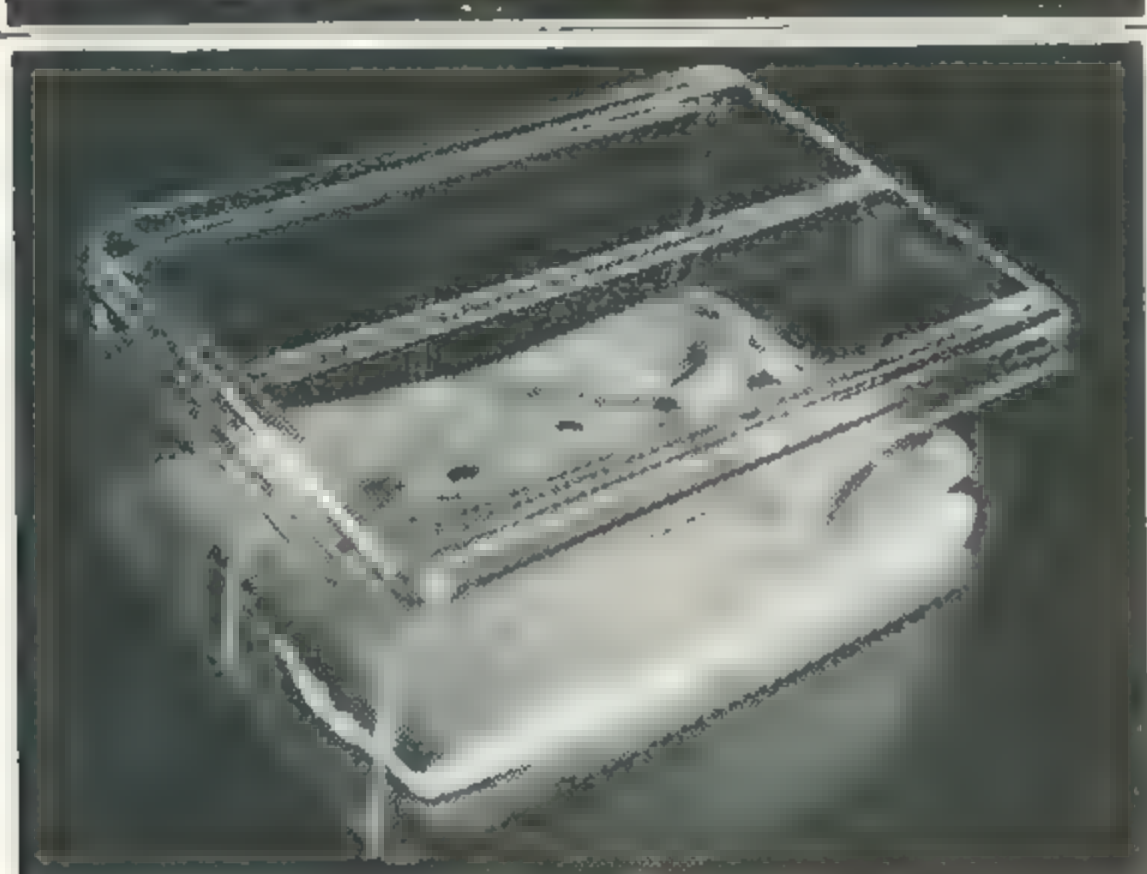
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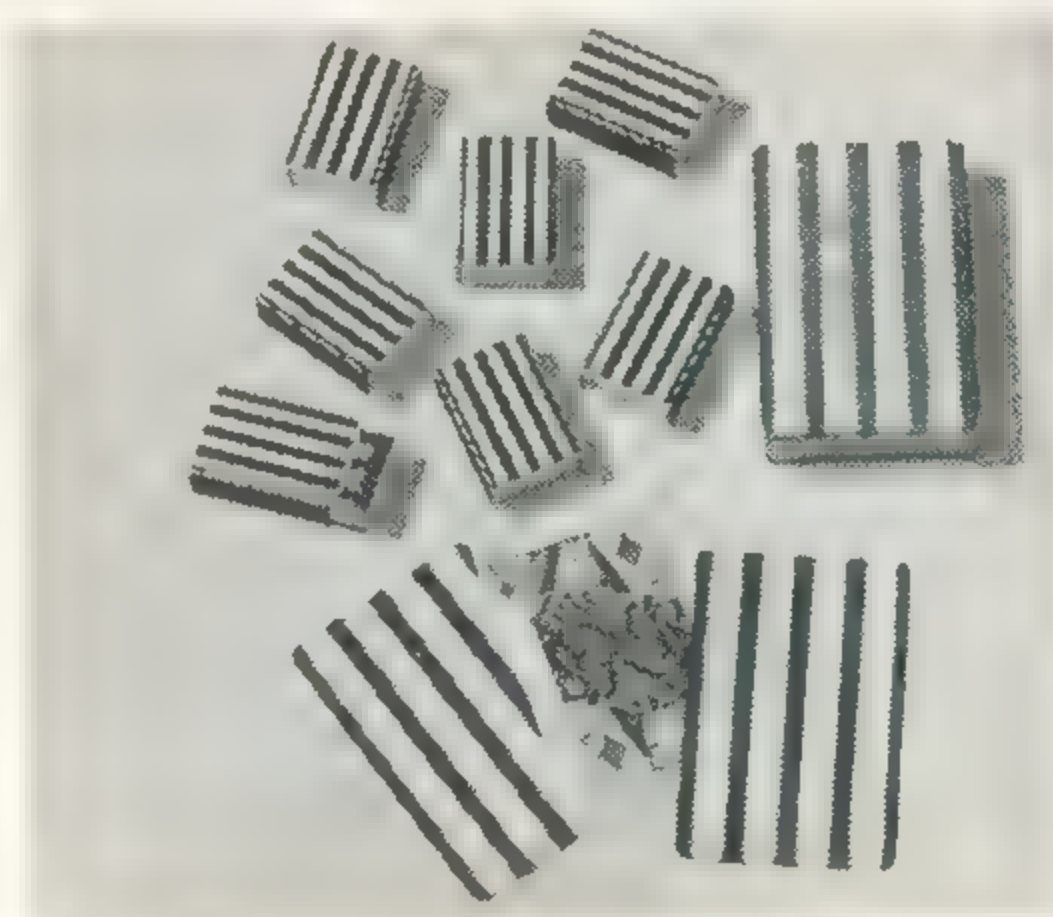
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HOUND

...nine finds for February



6



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VOGUE

FEBRUARY 15, 1959

Vogue's eye view of getting off the ground

By umbrella and space helmet—see above: that's one way. But when it comes to clothes, spring, 1959, the fastest whoosh off dull ground starts with colour-power. Which may mean a flash of shoes (for which see pages 105-111); a glorious burst of bright hat (see pages 86-95); or, naturally, a suit, coat, or dress—even a belt—that's anything but background about its colour. Stockings are not to be overlooked in this sweep, either. But—this wearing takes doing, not overdoing. For pointers, see the next sixty-five pages.



DAVID ATTIE



HORST

Colour news: hat beginnings



UNFLOWERY ROSES, left—young but not too frivolous for any suit, coat, or dress in a wardrobe with the luck to be bright navy blue. Red, blue, purple roses on a straw basket. By Adolfo for Emme. Also at Hutzler's. TURQUOISE SUPERHAT, right: a dasher, in a colour on its way to new fame as the right blue note for just about any colour around. By Lilly Daché, in smooth straw. Both hats: also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

On the subject of hats these days the big generalization is—they clear the brow, clear the neck, clear up a whole misunderstanding that smallish hats are supposed to look as though they're not really there. An intense, full-scaled hattiness is definitely with us, even though the effect often is that the best little hat in the world (sixteen bests coming up) is being pushed right off the back of the head, a kind of lover's leap from the highest point on the crown. Perhaps the new upsurge of interest in shoulders and sleeves is bound to reflect in the hat spot (in other words, no deep-set hat shapes make sense with the new sleeves). A woman who once thought in terms of suit-hat will swing around, too, to the idea of a hatty suit; hatty coat; hatty dress. Any hat shown here—in fact—could be a suit hat. There's no one-and-only. Hats get around within a wardrobe now; interchanging suit-coat-dress might be . . . a flower-plastered Breton . . . a slicked-back fez . . . possibly, an accordion beret. Or: one of the new high-set pillboxes . . . one of a whole series of hats with brushed-back brims that widen the eyes beautifully and look deliciously brainy somehow. Hat colours? If a woman thinks of them in terms of make-up—mascara blues and greens, rouge pinks, eye-shadow yellows, blond-beige—she's half way to a clearer eye, a total beauty reviver as well as a fashion lift.



HORST



CORNFLOWERY BRETON, above—royal blue ballibuntl banded with mint velvet. Set-up, this, for a wide profile of shining hair, innumerable suit choices—grey, mauve, oyster beige. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. **CHRYSANTHEMIMICS**, left: starchy white linen flowers, green velvet leaves, yellow French-ribbon bows. To wear with pale tweeds; amber, violet-blue, pearl grey. By Sally Victor. Also at Hutzler's; Marshall Field.

POT DE PINK STRAW, right, with lily bells, a pink cottage rose, silvery moss leaves—lyrics for any city daytime that finds you in a soft-coloured tweed coat, suit, or dress. By Christian Dior-New York, at Jay Thorpe. EYE-LEVEL DAISIES, below, on blue straw. Eye-level collar belongs to any tweed pale enough to look non-cliché with navy-blue. By Christian Dior-New York: Bonwit Teller. Both hats: Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's.





CINNAMON STRAW PILLBOX, left, that—worn with a blush-apricot silk suit—would make a woman look as though she never had to take an aspirin in her life. Hat by Irene of New York at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. CHIGNON FEZ, right, of white ballibuntl with black and white silk in a shoot-the-chutes effect...to make a string of a black dress the wowest string in the world. By Sally Victor. Also at Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.



KRTSoni.



SKY-HIGH CLOCHE, left, a new kind of up-in-the-depths shape that puts a beautiful face on profiles; on suits in all the no-colour colours. In a sky-blue silk shantung. By Melita, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. T-SHIRT BERET, right, in navy-blue wool jersey with white straw stripes. A little Apache whirl for quieter linens and soft light tweeds, New York to California. By Marcelline, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.



MUFFIN CLOCHE, left, a crisp little curving shape in honeycomb straw braided around with black velvet. To tip over uncountrified suits; perhaps of fuchsia linen, pale lime silk. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. **CARTWHEEL CLOCHE**, below—a good deal of pretty sway to this shape (which still leaves the neck bared). Pale natural Milan, for pales—white, beige, oyster, cool grey. By Chanda at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's.





BRUSHED-BACK BRIMS. This page, two calm hats with the stature for all the precisely-easy little suits in circulation. Above, young and wide-eyed-making; brown straw with good lights in it, to couple with feathery tweeds, bright blue, amber checks. Right, slicked-back red straw that could do things other colours couldn't for anything in the closet that's "neutral." Hats by Lilly Daché, at Altman's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.





Shake-up in lipstick colours— the new frappés

Head-in-the-clouds effect: two new little straw sacks enjoying frappé colouring in the lipstick department.

Turquoise hat, left, in a 20-degrees-cooler shade; with an iced strawberry lipstick.

Hat by Braagaard, in handkerchief straw.

At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz.

Flame poppies, right—and they've never looked this sentimental before. Under the hat, a frosted shade of cherry lipstick. Hat, by Irene of New York: Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.

Peach of a lipstick, below, for amber, orange, all the new brandy colours.

All lipsticks here—Strawberry Frappé, Cherry Frappé, Peach Frappé—news from Frances Denney.





RRIS mwh.



The three-button suits



Opposite: Salmon-coloured wool tweed suit, the jacket lightly fitted, and signed with three bone buttons. With it, here: a natural Milan straw hat with a many-coloured band; butter-scotch in the leather department—handbag, gloves, shoes. The whole, a delicious flash of colour for city streets. Handmacher suit (\$75), Nettie Rosenstein handbag, leather gloves, all at Altman's. Suit: also, Marshall Field; Harzfeld's. Emmie hat. Palizzio shoes, brown Appointment stockings, Lord & Taylor. *This page:* Grey wool flannel suit with a pleated skirt, to wear quite short; the little jacket has a caramel velveteen collar, and, again, the three-button signature. The Kislav gloves, the Bardley suit (about \$70), the natural straw roller by Sally V: all, Best & Co. Suit, also Montaldo's. Shoes by Naturalizer.



Polka-dot flurry

Fresh recipe for the costume suit—navy-blue wool with red-and-white dotted silk, and a wide, heavy-ish black straw hat. *Opposite:* Semi-fitted jacket with a rather wide collar and three-quarter sleeves; lined in the same dotted silk that makes the blouse. The high-waisted skirt has a 1959 spring dateline. Suit by Rudolf; about \$245. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. *This page:* Dress and jacket costume of navy-blue Stevens wool; the dress has a red-and-white dotted top of silk. About \$65. By Abe Schrader, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Big black straw hats by Sally Victor. Short black gloves: Superb.





PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The newest international star, bearded Fidel Castro of Cuba... The newest space star, the Lunik... The newest television plans for next season—authentic redoings of the Civil War, with each network providing historians to give an excursionist's eye view of the build-up and the great battles.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The printed form with which Edmund Wilson answers pesty requests; below his name, a check list of things he will not do (among them, read unsolicited manuscripts or write prefaces to anthologies)... *Forbidden Fruit* in which Fernandel drops that too toothy grin and the magnified emotions to play a long and worldly movie opposite Françoise Arnoul who makes Brigitte Bardot seem rather like a sulky, over-developed schoolgirl.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Greenwich Village Showplace and its highly charged *Taboo Revue*, a little fun thing which begins with *Just Plain Will*, "a timid soul with an urge to kill" and continues with three talented girls; Sheila Smith, tall, beautiful and in control of every comic situation; Ellen Martin, small, pretty and funny; and Lynne Stuart who is able to blend together Marilyn, Jayne, Mae, and Elizabeth into something called "Oscar."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The crime and justice story, *The Blanket*, by A. A. Murray who has written a taut, far off-course book about the African élite in Basutoland and filled it with sheep thieves, witch doctors, a powerful old chief and a young chief willing to be powerful; part of the novel's remarkable sharpness comes from the grinding truths about how little the élite comprehend the courts of the white men, how splendid the Africans can be within their own ethical framework... The beauty of the exhibition of "French Drawings from American Collections," now at the Metropolitan Museum... The special use of the word, spooky: it means a fast get-away, often referring to cars or fish.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The cloudy, fragile Japanese movie, *The Mistress*, in which Hideko Takamine reveals her shy eye, her tentative smile in this rather limiting story of a girl, sharing an illicit ménage with a charmless lecher, who falls in love with a student; her love life gets no closer to fruition than handing him a basin in which to wash his hands.

JOHN OSBORNE. In less than three years this twenty-nine-year-old English playwright has gone from starving obscurity to two inches in the British *Who's Who*, pushed partly by his abusive irritation, his convulsive frustration at the way things are. A specialist in bounders, non-U bounders, Osborne has had three of his plays in New York, all intensely and superbly acted. One of his plays, *Epitaph for George Dillon*, written with Anthony Creighton, has been twice produced since November, with its star, Robert Stephens, more caddish even than Sir Laurence Olivier in *The Entertainer* or Kenneth Haigh in *Look Back in Anger*. His new play, *The World of Paul Slicky*, not yet on in England, recently caused a small flare-up with the Lord Chamberlain over some "very small words." To some British and American playgoers Osborne characters are an undammed lake of self-pity. To others the self-pity of his characters is offset by the magnificent overflow of his natural, funny, and brilliant dialogue. Curiously enough, at parties Osborne holds himself in reserve, limiting himself often to monosyllables, locked in silence, putting the onus of ice-breaking on the other person. This habit would undoubtedly disconcert many of the young Americans who in the past year or so inquired at British agencies in New York about living in England as they wanted to mix in the world of Osborne. He and his friends, they felt, were the only people who "understood." They think Osborne has made an unbearable discovery—that there is no place to rise because the places, like those in a crowded bus, have already been taken. To get his place, Osborne, who was a straphanger in provincial repertory in England, changed to an empty bus, named *Anger*, and arrived triumphantly at his destination—fame.

Farewell to the snow

BY COLETTE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In 1925 the masterly Colette wrote eleven exquisite essays for French Vogue. This telegram of her emotions, translated by Antonia White, is our fifth reprint.*

The first screen of cypresses reared up against the rising sun, the first bay of the Mediterranean wedged between two hills like an ax blade, the first orange tree, the first rose assert their old easy sway over my heart as the train, boarded last night in Paris, takes me back to Provence. But now the winter sunshine has its rival, the pure, perpetual snow, blue from reflecting the azure all about it.

For me, it is a new discovery. I do not know yet how to use it as well as its many-coloured, lightning-shod children who play on its slopes and leap over its purple abysses, standing on a pair of flexible laths. I measured its power in the first mouthfuls of an air that carries a subtle, icy taste of peppermint right to the bottom of the lungs. Is the snow a country? Is it a climate? No, the snow is a planet. On it the conqueror forgets his greed and becomes a dreamer. Only on the snow, nowadays, do nations meet in utter harmony. In its tranquil, kindly chaos the foreigner forgets his spleen, his furious patriotism, his very manhood. For it hides the earth, the earth, a living substance man has only to touch, an aroma he has only to breathe to revert into a fierce and sentimental pioneer.

Only on the snow can the sexagenarian and the child sit on the same little wooden sleds and abandon themselves to the slopes. They feel exactly like each other and exchange understanding smiles. They do not envy the bobsleigh, hurtling noisily past like a thunderbolt, scything the air between two spurting plumes of splintered ice. The toboggan claims equal rights to space and the dizzy hillside. Its drivers manipulate two rope reins that the little skating chariot could perfectly well do without. But before every driver of a magic chariot there runs a phantom steed. Obviously the two ends of the toboggan rope encircle the neck and bridle the mouth of a transparent hoar-frost courser who gallops far faster than a mere thirty miles an hour. My own fairy steed was well aware that he carried a passenger addicted to earthly pleasures. Regularly, every day, he stopped and slewed round with a jerk that threw me off at the very door of a chalet where herrings were being cured in the smoke of pine logs, and cheese, melted in spirits and boiling wine, wept succulent tears on the roast joint. A pale, treacherous white wine chilled my palate to the same temperature as the bucket of snow in which the glass tankard had been thrust, and the homely poetry born of greed steamed lyrically from the great sputtering pot and in the blue breath of well-fed mountaineers.

O snow, immaculate kingdom, precarious, yet eternal! You turn man into a joyous child, diligently absorbed in the conscientious idleness of sport. You have created this luxury; the duty of enjoying oneself, the task of living for a body that is enriched and perfected by every hour devoted to you and that derives new strength from every fall. You see your

faithful subjects leaving the hotel at daybreak, at the hour when the swift dawn leaves the purple foot of the mountains still asleep but carves out their brow as if in hard, glowing, orange metal that slashes the blue sky. They go off with their long, slender wooden wings bound to one shoulder and their twin sticks in their hands, as solemn and well-behaved as if they were all ten years old.

They have chosen the day's goal the night before: a mountain peak or perhaps some chalet half eclipsed under its snow-piled roof. Here or there, what does it matter? Anywhere, provided it involves regular, strenuous effort of body and mind, provided they achieve a moment of physical and mental ecstasy. All they ask is to stand somewhere, very high up, against the dark azure that presses down on the peaks and, opening their arms and their hearts to embrace their Eden, attain an unspeakable bliss. They return at midday exuding happiness and healthy sweat, with their little bright blue shadow couched at their feet. Or maybe they do not come back till evening, walking slowly and silently, and their silence seems full of poetry because they no longer have any thoughts.

These are your deeply satisfied lovers, oh snow! They have seen nothing but you, possessed nothing but you since daybreak, and you are all they ask. They have seen the mountains grow smaller and the landscape larger under their footsteps. When they halted, they sat down on a virgin fold of your robe and kept turning this way and that because the sun scorched their shoulders. Nevertheless hunger made them feel light and hollow, so they rummaged in their pockets and ate with their faces to the sun, religiously picking up the crumbs. Then they bound their wings on their feet and began their flights over the little valleys. Sometimes they scored great circles on the immaculate fields of snow. As they made their jumps they saw a hollow country fall away below them, rise up to meet them again, then recede once more . . . their falls powdered them with mother-of-pearl as they plunged headforemost into craters of snow that the sun turned into rainbow-coloured spangles.

They have competed with each other in speed and audacity. They have not hunted or killed innocent creatures. They have not thought of the love of women or coveted their neighbour's goods. For you like your lovers pure, snow, and you purify them. At night they sleep the long sleep of children and, even in their dreams, they are faithful to you. They see you in those dreams and fly faster than awake. Your silence enters freely through their wide open panes and nothing stirs in your wind-defying empire but the flickering fire of the stars. They sleep, and, for a few hours, forget their dedicated passion. But sometimes you are jealous and rejoin them. You descend in drifting petals, eddy softly round their rest and drop a token of melting flakes on their pillow; a handful of feathers, of flowers, of immaculate jewels that dissolve at the first touch of day like gifts received in a dream.

A bright Sunday in Madison

BY R. K. NARAYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: R. K. Narayan, a novelist with a tingling wit, a passionate feeling for the English language, and a talent for telling stories, is the author of eight novels, the latest, *The Guide*, published last March by Viking Press. His biography is quite simple. Born in South India in 1906, he was educated there, and, after leaving college, became a teacher in a government-run high school, where he lost interest within, he has said, a remarkably quick time. He resigned after five days and took to writing the way some people take to the hills.

Sunday morning. I wake up at nine o'clock and go down. Find the family ready for breakfast. The household consists of two-and-a-half-year-old Benny, who is the hero of this story, Nancy who has just shed her front tooth, their parents Henry and Virginia, and Tippy, mixed Airedale and collie, who is too big to go under the table but will live nowhere else and who has a distressing habit of arching his back under the table while we eat. A sunny, promising day. It stimulates people to make plans and announce them.

Henry says, "I am going to get into old clothes and fix Benny's cart." This is a dogcart, a two-wheeled trap to which the hefty Tippy is yoked and driven about by Nancy or Benny, flourishing a whip. A nice contraption which may be seen in front of Henry's house at Adams Street any time of the day or night. But Henry is a perfectionist who likes to work on the trap again and again. He has a complete workshop in the basement, and his idea of relaxation is to fix things in his workshop. He disappears after this announcement. I say, catching the mood of the hour,

"I will go for a walk," the only way in which I can enjoy a bright day.

Virginia says, "There is a park nearby with a zoo, let's all go there with the children." The children receive the proposal with a whoop of joy. I go upstairs to dress. Benny, Nancy, and Tippy go after Henry. I come down an hour later, dressed and ready to go out. Virginia is washing dishes.

"We will go after this," she says to me.

Henry comes in and unobtrusively lends a hand in washing. Over the splash of the faucet Virginia suddenly asks,

"Where is Benny?"

"I managed to fix his carriage, now it fits nicely on Tippy. They are there—playing."

"Have you left Benny alone with the dog?"

"Nancy is also there." Silence. Over the sound of flowing water Virginia says quietly,

"They should not be left alone by themselves, Henry."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know, they may run away. Why have you left them there?"

"I came to help you wash."

"No, I don't like it, Henry."

"I will go back to them presently."

"Leave me to do the washing. Please go."

"I *insist* upon helping you," Henry says jocularly. The humour is lost on her.

Virginia says in deadly seriousness, "I don't think you should leave them alone, Henry."

"Nancy is with them," says Henry.

I notice the same set of arguments coming up in a second cycle, while the faucet splashes. Their talk is being carried on in the gentlest undertone but is gradually gathering emphasis. I feel that my presence embarrasses them and that they might perhaps like to have it out with each other a little more decisively if I left them free. I quietly withdraw from the scene and go back to my room and settle down to do a little writing. I write my diary notes of four days, having been in arrears, and I am occupied thus for an hour. When I finish writing I strain my ears to hear their voices and to guess what stage of the debate they may be in now. There is dead silence below. I conclude that peace must have again settled on the household and that Henry must have gone back to guard the children. I put away my papers and go downstairs. Virginia is cleaning up the gas stove with a sort of grim determination. I wonder if she will be free now to come out into the bright day with me. She hears my footsteps. As I pause at the door she says quietly,

"Benny is lost."

She adds, "I knew something would happen. Henry has gone to search for him."

"What about Nancy? Wasn't she with him?"

"I don't know," she says without lifting her head. She is probably in tears. Benny had been seated in the carriage with Tippy yoked to it at the time Henry had come in offering to do dishwashing. Nancy, who was supposed to be with them, was hailed by a friend, and moved away absent-mindedly, leaving Benny alone. By the time they were all back to look for him Virginia's premonition had been fulfilled. Virginia looks so unhappy that I can not help asking,

"Why are you so worried?"

"He is so small, anything may happen to him, with so many cars about . . ." I suddenly feel that I ought to join in the search for Benny. I go out.

At the end of the street I see Henry leading Tippy, who is, of course, strapped to his carriage, but without Benny in his seat.

"I caught Tippy running down Randal. Benny and Nancy must have got off together somewhere," says Henry, the optimist he is. "So it is O.K., they should both be back soon."

But this is a false lull. Presently Nancy comes running from another direction.

"Where is Benny?"

"I didn't see him," she says innocently baring her gums.

"They were here," she says assertively indicating the spot where she last saw them. She catches hold of Tippy by his shaggy ears and shouts,

"Tippy, where is Benny? Where is Benny?" Tippy merely sweeps his huge fan-like tail, pants, (*Continued on page 161*)



Brilliant openings

—NEW SHOE SHAPE-UP

Less shoe per shoe, more colour per shoe is the news here. . . . The shoe-of-the-year shoe is the one that's mostly colour, and proving daily now that a small amount of brilliance can spark a full-scale colour operation. Starting with the dotty orange sandal on page 106, for instance, a woman might find her colour-bearings this way: beige turban, silky beige dress, white gloves. And if your own resistance tends to melt at the thought of a pair of bright ribbony blue sandals, weigh them with the charm of blue and greeny-blue prints, of chocolate brown chiffon—they'll probably turn out to be the most sensible shoes you've owned in years.

Less-shoe shoe, right. A web of red-geranium straps on a pink-geranium heel. Among the colours that will spend a happier fashion-life because of it: palest green, blue, brown, black, other geraniums. By DeLiso Debs. in Allied kidskin; about \$21. Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres; Famous-Barr. Shedding further light on the geranium situation: a new sweet-green eye shadow; Luminous Pink lipstick. By Max Factor. At Bloomingdale's. Hattie Carnegie's collar of crystal beads.

Suit-record run up in jersey, left. For the woman who asks nothing of a suit—except that it look absolutely smashing day, late-day, three seasons out of four, six continents out of six—the grey jersey answer. By Tiffreau & Busch, in Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey; about \$110 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. With grey, these pleasant colour-ties: white felt turban, ventilated opera pump, in a bright golden brown. Liparé shoes, with a Lifetime Heel: Bonwit Teller.





Brilliant openings *continued*



More colour than shoe is the way shoe-news shapes up now with even opera pumps showing new windows on the world. . . . And such colour. Starting top right, opposite, and reading around the clock: Orange cotton sandal with an exuberance of polka dots. By Herbert Levine; about \$35 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Geranium calfskin sandal; dots for your eyes alone. By Andrew Geller; about \$27. Julius Garfinckel; Jenny's; Neiman-Marcus. Airy opera pump in moss-green calfskin. By Town & Country; A. C. Lawrence leather; \$13. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Seemingly self-supporting sandal in blue calfskin. By Evins; about \$48. I. Miller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Beige-green lizard and calfskin sandal to wear with turquoise, orange, hot pink. By Delman; Fleming-Joffe leather; about \$60. *Directly above:* Plummy calfskin day shoe; T-strap opening, side vents. About \$30. I. Miller; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. *For shops in other cities, see page 152.*

Dress plum in the colour news, *right:* Little evening depth of mauve cotton satin to surround with light—pale make-up, stockings, with shoes of turquoise or blue or the very palest pink. A Galerie fashion, made of fabric by Everfast with Everglaze crease resistance; about \$70. From Rosette Pennington; Vandever's; Kerr's.



VEVEAN



Brilliant openings *continued*

The shoe-coloured stocking

New way to see stockings: in the light of shoes. This page—stretching the point of deep apricot shoes: ditto-coloured stockings. Basketwoven kidskin opera pumps, about \$35. These and the stockings, from Saks Fifth Avenue.

The stocking-coloured shoe

Reversing the situation—but not the point: shoes in a colour that stockings usually are. Filmed opposite, walnut brown stockings, by Hummingbird. Franklin Simon; Kaufmann's; Frost Bros. Same-colour sandals in Hubschman calfskin, and suède. Andrew Geller; about \$27. Also: Frost Bros.; Harzfeld's.





Brilliant openings

continued

The blue-shoe countdown

Left to right, opposite, five ways a woman might read the blue-shoe news this spring, and not repeat herself once—as to shape, as to color—China blue opera pump with narrow crossed-finger straps letting in additional light. By Customcraft; Donovan calfskin; about \$23.

At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Between-blues blue, sandalized to a T. From Andrew Geller, in calfskin; about \$26. Also at Sakowitz.

Opera pump in teal-blue lizard, open as an honest face—wide-eyed profile, deep deep throat. By Mademoiselle; Fleming-Joffe Calcutta lizard; about \$24. Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros. T-strap sandal opening into petals and—as is the case with all blues here—open to pairing with browns, pale greens, the true-blue contingent. By Newton Elkin; Harvey's periwinkle blue suède; about \$29.

At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz. A few velvety turquoise straps on a little bobbin of heel. By Pappagallo in brushed leather; about \$14. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin; Meier & Frank.

For shops in other cities, please turn to page 153.

Suit count on blue, left. Carrying the power of blue several steps further in fashion, a dress and slip-cover jacket in grainy blue silk. Further still: turquoise eye shadow, bluish pink lipstick, palest blue stockings. The suit; about \$145. This, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Frost Bros.

VEVEAN

WILLIAM BELL





Face-lifting

THE SELF-HELP SYSTEM OF SENTA RUNGE

Young is a way to look—and, as far as the face is concerned, it depends on three factors: skin, expression, and contour. Skin texture is a matter for diet, creams, lotions; expression is a state of mind. But seventy-five per cent of the look-of-youth is a matter of contour—whether the muscles of the face have kept their firmness and tone or whether, with the passing of years, they have quietly collapsed, causing double chin, drooping cheeks, and other misfortunes that go with an aging face. . . . Happily it is now possible to stave off or improve these by exercises that can be done in the space of less than an hour a day at home. The result, of course, is “face-lifting,” but, instead of being managed by surgery—in which case there is a time limit on the lift’s effectiveness—the system reported to Vogue by Senta Runge is accomplished by a four-month exercise routine and can be maintained more or less indefinitely by occasional one-month refresher programs. . . . Actually, the theory involved differs not one jot from the theory of body exercise: tone depends on muscle activity; lack of tone and contour goes almost invariably with lazy, unused muscles. Documented here and on the next two pages are eleven exercises that are the core of the Senta Runge system for lifting by exercise the deep muscles of the face.

RULES

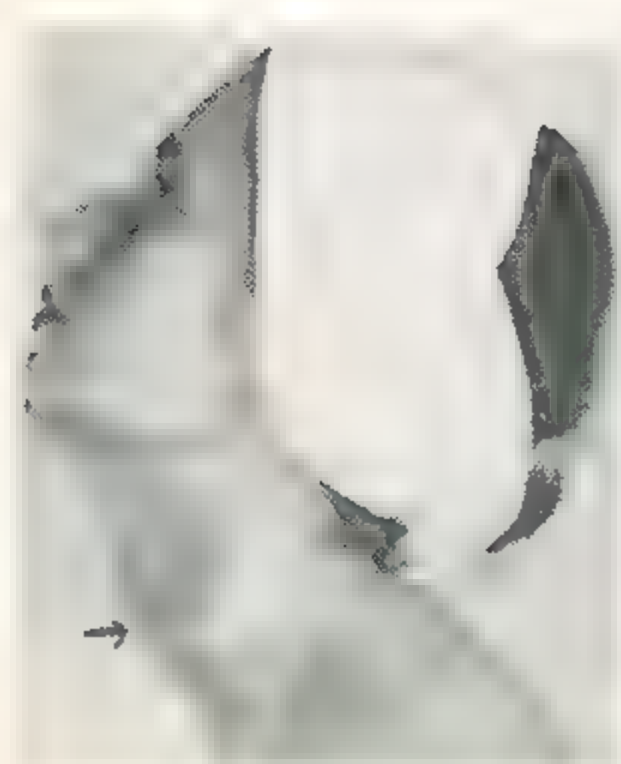
1. It takes from two to six weeks to learn the exercises properly. Read the rules each day.
2. Absolute regularity is necessary for success.
3. Do the exercises precisely as instructed.
For each second count slowly a single number.
4. If you are not able to do an exercise right the first time, begin all over again.
5. When you exercise, breathe normally.
6. Concentrate on muscle performance.
Try to “feel the pull.”
7. Work smoothly and gradually.
8. When you work against resistance, maintain even pressure and never take pressure off till muscle is completely relaxed.
9. Try to do each exercise better every time.
As the muscles are trained, they are able to pull more and more.
10. Never skip steps. Do the sitting-down exercises on a dining table or a desk the height of a dining table. Prop a mirror on the table in front of you, and watch every movement. Apply cream wherever you have to press skin and place a cloth (a clean handkerchief will do) between face and fingers so that your hands will not slip. Put light touches of cream on spots where wrinkles appear when you exercise.

WARNING

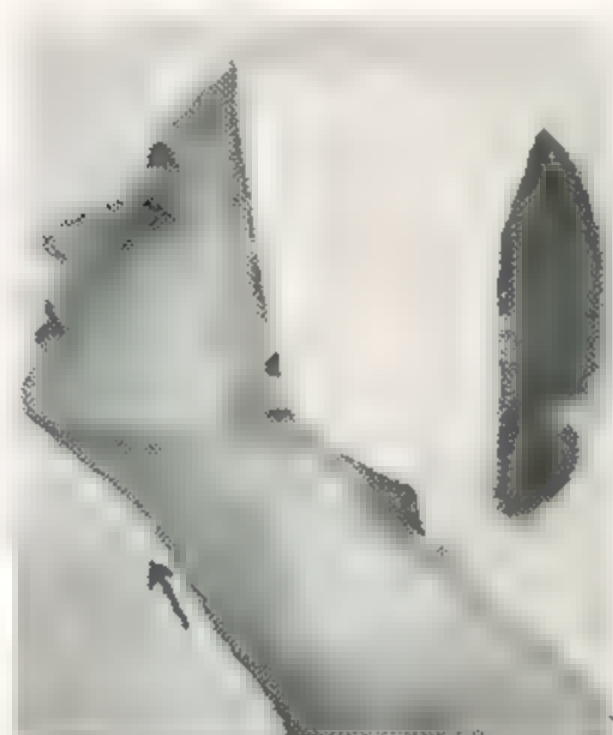
If your skin is not in good condition, or you have had your face lifted surgically, or had any other skin damage, it is absolutely necessary that you consult a skin specialist before doing these exercises. If you have ever had a goitre, check with your physician to be sure the exercises are right for you to do.

by exercise

Self-test for faces: *Look at your face as objectively as possible in a well-lighted mirror. Check for these faults: double chin, jowls, drooping mouth-corners, deep furrows from nose to mouth, hollows below the cheekbones, sunken circles below the eyes, unattractively drooping eyelids. If a double chin is one of your problems, check your posture in a full-length mirror—sitting, standing, walking. If you sit with buttocks to the front of the chair, neck and shoulders to the back, you probably have a thick neck and your double chin is the result of incorrect posture, not flaccid skin muscles. The same fault will appear if you stand or walk incorrectly. For anyone who flunks the full-length mirror test, the first step in face-lifting is posture correction. Now . . . on the basis of both parts of the self-test, decide what face faults stand between you and looking young. Choose the proper toning exercises from the list here and on the next two pages.*



Wrong position



Right position



"Pulling up"

Exercise 1—for double chin and neck. Do this 3 times.

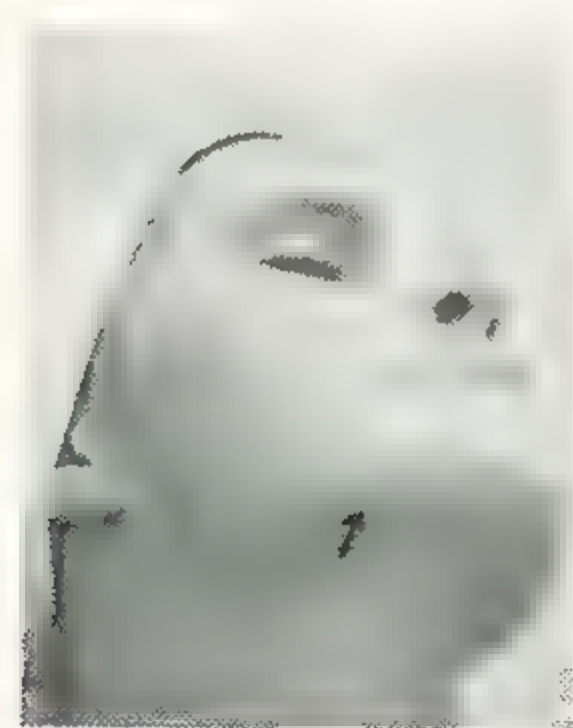
1. Put a light streak of cream on the front of the neck. Sit on the edge of your chair, torso upright, feet flat on the floor with pressure on balls of the feet. 2. Head forward—pull up and back until low part of head rests on first knob of spine. 3. Put lower lip over upper lip as much as possible, stretching gradually more and more upwards. Concentrate on a pulling upwards of the chin (see pictures) for 10 seconds. 4. Release tension smoothly—head, lips, chin returning to normal.

After four weeks of training increase the time to 15 seconds.

Exercise 2—for jowls and lines on neck. Do this 3 times on each side.

If you have ever had a goitre, be sure to ask your doctor whether you may do this exercise.

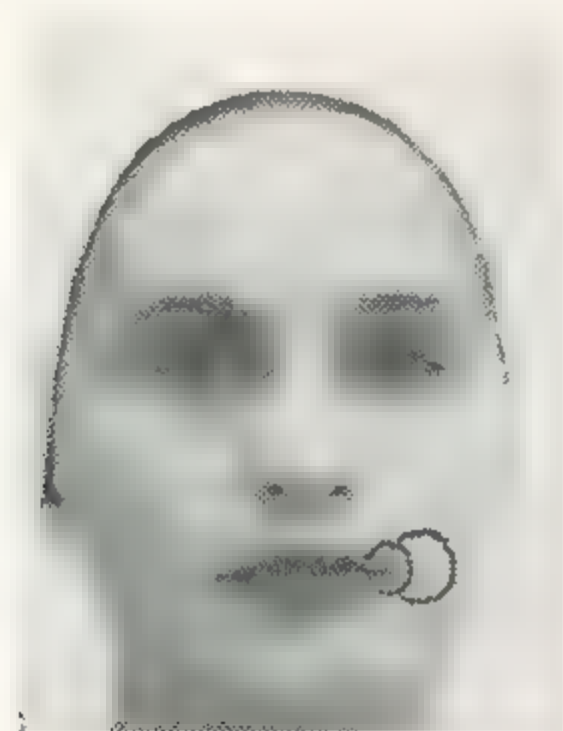
1. Put a light coat of cream on the front of your neck. Sit on edge of chair, torso and head upright, feet flat on floor with pressure on balls of the feet. Assume neck position in the picture at left. 2. Put finger on right jowl. 3. Head forward—pull up and back until low part of head rests between first and second knobs of spine. 4. Pull lower lip over upper lip as much as possible. 5. Pull on right jowl as much as possible exactly where your finger touches. 6. Keep tension steady, move head to the left very gradually for 10 seconds in an even line till you look over your left shoulder. 7. Move head forward under the same tension and relax smoothly. Reverse position and repeat. After 4 weeks of training increase the seconds to 12. Do exercise 3 also.



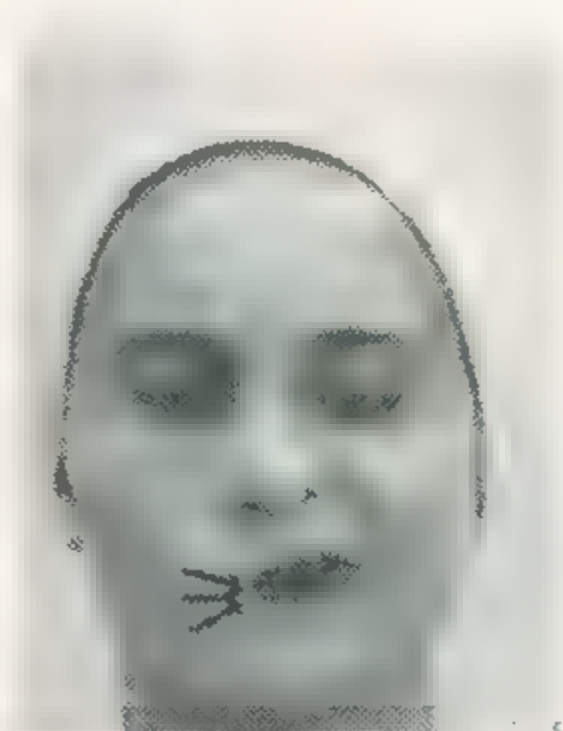
Correct position

Exercise 3—for jowls, to lift lower cheeks and mouth corners, to firm the lower part of face. Do 3 times each side.

1. Apply cream between upper lip and nose. Sit or stand erect. 2. Pull in as much as possible with area circled in the picture on the left side of teeth. 3. For 10 seconds slowly swivel this area to the middle of the face (see picture) keeping your teeth in a firm position. 4. Release tension smoothly. Reverse position and repeat. After 4 weeks of training increase the seconds to 15. For lifting lower cheeks and mouth corners, do exercise 4 also. Note: It is easy to move this cheek-area at once, but you must learn to distribute the movement over 10 to 15 seconds, even if it takes you weeks. If you are able to do so, then learn to involve the larger area indicated by the bigger circle in the picture.



Circled area



Swivel

Exercise 4—for lifting lower cheeks and mouth corners, for rounding the cheeks. Do exercise 3 also.

Before you start with the real exercise, learn to smile consciously to gain awareness of what muscles are involved.

1. Smile consciously, using as many muscles as possible. 2. Relax slowly without losing muscle control. Do this 3 times a day for 10 seconds.

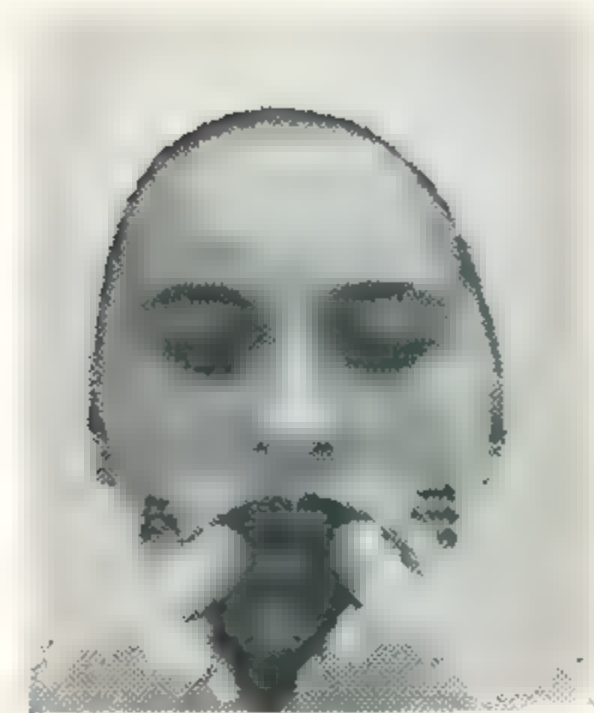
After 4 days start with the exercise. Do it three times.

1. Sit erect on edge of chair. 2. Hold muscles tight with forefingers on the inside of your mouth and thumbs on the outside, sharp behind the smiling-line on each side of your mouth. 3. Smile as you have learned before, as widely as possible but gradually working against resistance for 10 seconds. 4. Release muscle tension smoothly. 5. Release pressure of the fingers.

This muscle group is so immense that the resistance can only be held if you use fabric between forefingers and mouth inside. This prevents slipping. Maintain resistance during the entire exercise. After 2 weeks of training increase the seconds to 12. After 4 weeks, to 14.



Smile muscles

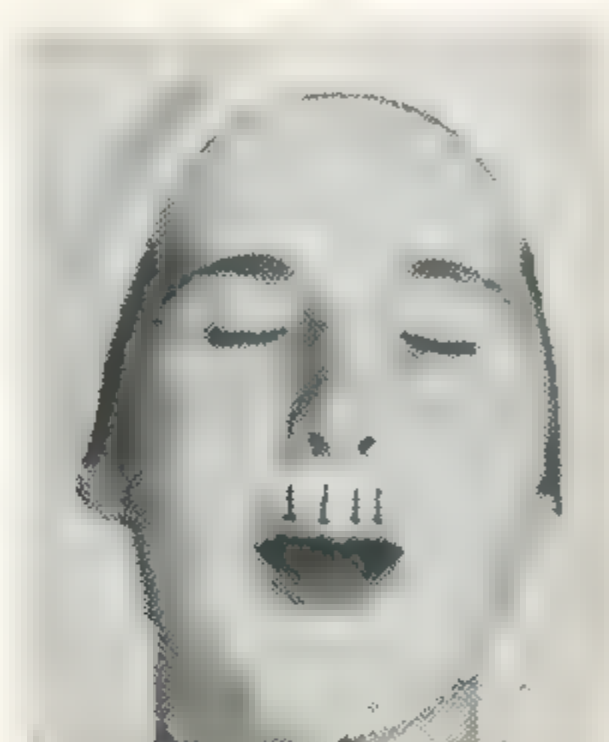


Finger placements

Exercise 5—for wrinkles over upper lip. Do this 3 times.

1. Sit or stand erect. 2. Open mouth, dropping chin so that there is 1½" space between upper and lower front teeth. 3. Gradually for 12 seconds try to close the lips, but keep teeth in the original position and do not allow the lips to close completely. Concentrate on pulling downward your upper lip and nose point. 4. Maintain this position for 10 seconds and try to wrinkle the nose. 5. Gradually relax.

When you try to close your lips, if they form an "O," you will have wrinkles on the upper lip. This is wrong.

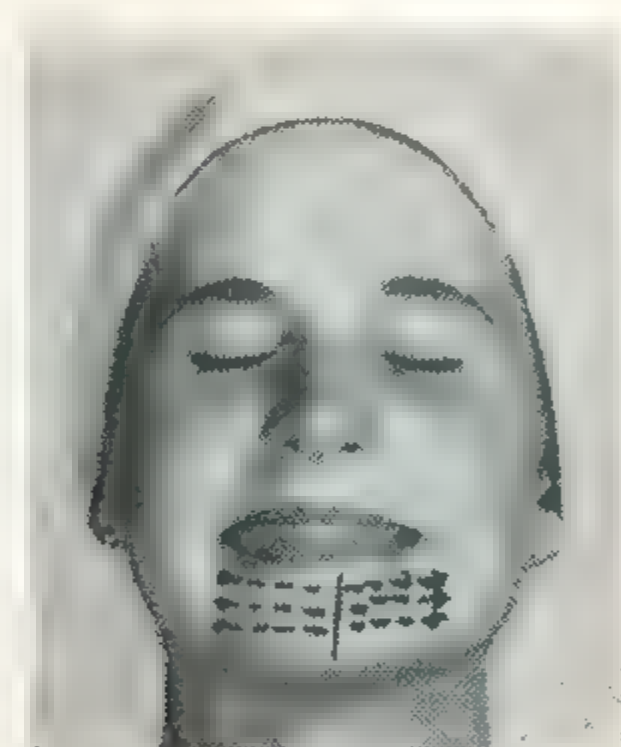


"Pulling down"

Exercise 6—for chin and mouth. Do this 3 times.

1. Sit or stand erect. 2. Close teeth tight. 3. For 6 seconds pull chin muscles apart horizontally as much as possible. Remain in this position for five more seconds. 4. Relax smoothly.

The neck-cords must not be visible during this exercise. If you are not able to do this exercise properly the first few times, keep on trying.



"Pulling Apart"

Exercise 7—to lift upper cheeks, to remove furrows from nose to mouth.

Before you start with the real exercise you must gain awareness of the specific muscles which are involved. To do this laugh consciously 3 times every day for one week. This way:

1. Apply cream generously around your eyes. Laugh as much as possible, trying to pull up the muscles shown with arrows in the picture at the left. 2. Concentrate on the muscle flesh beneath the skin. In this position try to sense that you are pulling all the muscles together as well as pulling each one separately. After one week, begin the exercise. Do it three times a day, this way: 1. Sit erect. 2. In the nose-mouth line are the muscles which are activated when we laugh. Hold the line in the middle with thumb and forefinger as indicated in the picture. (Thumb from the inside and forefinger from the outside of the mouth.) Hold the muscles very tight. 3. Against this resistance, laugh as much as possible as you practised before—do this very gradually when you start. It should take 10 seconds. Be conscious of the muscle flesh. 4. Gradually release tension without losing muscle control. 5. Unclasp the fingers. Note: The muscles are so strong, that you can not maintain resistance without placing fabric between thumbs and the inside of your mouth. Never release resistance during the exercise. After 3 weeks of training increase seconds to 12.



Muscles up



Finger placements

Face-lifting by exercise



Finger placements.

Exercise 8—for slack, overhanging eyelids. Do this 6 times.

1. Sit erect. 2. Place tips of your fingers (not the nails) firmly *below* your natural eyebrows as indicated in the picture. 3. Press finger tips as firmly as possible against face and push eyebrows up a little, keeping pressure steady. 4. Working against this resistance close your eyes tight, making an effort to pull down on the upper eyelids for 6 seconds. After 3 weeks, increase this to 10 seconds. 5. Relax muscles. 6. Slowly take off finger-pressure. Be sure to maintain resistance. Do not put fingers into eyebrows.



Pressure area

Exercise 9—to remove line between eyebrows. Do this 3 times.

1. Sit erect. 2. With forehead completely relaxed, smooth line between eyebrows with fingers. 3. As you smooth this area, with the other hand place a small round flat object—possibly a jar top—between the eyebrows to cover the line completely. 4. Press this with both hands on wrinkle. 5. Working against this pressure, pull the eyebrows together with great force for 10 seconds. 6. Release tension smoothly. 7. Take pressure off. If this exercise is done correctly, the result will be evident immediately, but the line will return till the exercise has been repeated often enough. Avoid frowning. If the line does not improve, something has been done incorrectly. Either the pressure was not strong enough; or you have not worked step by step successively; or the round object did not fit well. After 4 weeks of training increase seconds to 12.



Hand placement

Exercise 10—for horizontal lines on forehead. Do this 3 times.


1. Sit erect. 2. Place one hand flat over upper line on forehead; then place the other hand on top of it to apply more pressure. 3. With the strongest possible pressure, move hands upwards and hold pressure. 4. Working against this direction, pull the muscles with great force downwards as you pull down your eyebrows and close the eyes. This should take 10 seconds altogether. 5. Release tension. 6. Take pressure off, moving hands backwards over the crown of the head. Be careful not to build a vertical line between the eyebrows during the exercise. Results should be evident immediately if the exercise is done correctly but it must be repeated a number of times. Avoid frowning, constant raising of eyebrows. After 3 weeks of training increase the seconds to 12.



Slow blink

Exercise 11—for bags, circles, wrinkles, and crow's-feet around the eyes. Refreshes tiredness of the eye area.

The eye area is the most sensitive part of the face. Every movement with the hands in this area stretches the skin, causing wrinkles or lines. The benefit from the exercises is great if they are precisely done, but harmful if hands slip or move when pressure is applied. Every hand is different; therefore you must experiment to find out which part of your hand best fits the bones. While experimenting, never move hands *on* the face. If your hand does not fit, take it off your face, and start again. Use even pressure during exercises. Practise for the first week without cream. After that, apply cold cream around the eyes and use a cloth between hands and skin. Before starting the real exercise, train the muscles to gain awareness of them. This way: 1. Put cold cream around the eyes. (*Continued on page 159*)



The answer-
in a look



Starting here: six pages of new spring looks—each, a fresh answer to a situation.


Far left: Black crêpe day-in-town dress with big news—big sleeves. By Charles Cooper, in Onondaga rayon crêpe; about \$55. De Pinna; Frederick & Nelson.

Left: Answer dress for late-day now, summer Sunday lunch later; red flowers printed on white silk. By Helga; about \$145. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. Shoes by Perugia for I. Miller.

Right: Charming town “suit”—a one-piece dress with printed bodice, black skirt; black jacket. Jacket, skirt, in silk-and-acetate; bodice, black-and-white silk surah. By Dorothy O’Hara; about \$70. Arnold Constable; Hutzler’s. I. Miller shoes. Hat by Walter Florell.



Collected for orange:
coral-coloured beads,
V-neckline in depth



Collected for pink:
turquoise-coloured
beads, rondelled

Evenings— with colour

Opposite: Orange sherbet spun into chiffon splashed with white, and folded into a clinging, mobile dress. Add a coral necklace—chunks of it; use when excitement is indicated. Silk chiffon dress by Howard Greer, at Jay Thorpe; Hudson's. Delman shoes. Necklace by Brania, at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Above:* Pink silk peau d'ange in a short evening dress elegant enough for a really big party. New width at the shoulder; demi-décolletage; little sleeves. The dress, by Gustave Tassell, at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Shoes by Julianelli. Necklace for this bloomy pink: by De Mario, at Bonwit Teller.



Answer looks *continued*

Left: Answer dress plus jacket, for town afternoons that may turn into don't-dress evenings. Black silk-and-wool faille, the jacket deeply sleeved; dress, un-deeply so. By Irene. Gunther Jaeckel; Marshall Field. Flower-petalled turban by Walter Florell.

Right: Right here in black and white—the answer to many a spring day's dressing. Black-and-white silk tweed dress with a set-in bow tie, wide black leather belt. By Pat Premo; \$80. At Bergdorf Goodman.

Far right: Navy-blue worsted walking suit—lovely answer to the no-taxi problem. High-belted tunic jacket; walkable wand of skirt. By Couture Int'l.; \$145. Lord & Taylor. Hats, this page, by Sally Victor.



Seven-veil stockings

... or how to wear
colour with colour

Looking at you, full-length, the last thing anyone should think is: "Coloured stockings." The first thing: "Marvellous." . . . And the first thought-barrier to cross to achieve this fashion peak is getting over the idea that coloured stockings in the box are the same as coloured stockings on the leg. Their chemistry changes completely, the colours turning to ravishing shadows. So . . . in a word, women are scooping off the stocking counters high-frequency colours that, a year ago, they might have wondered at on a post-Picasso canvas. Although they pale in the wearing, toned-up is still the stocking word. And toned-up colours and turned-up hems mean, for one thing, that legs are very much a part of the colour picture. Part, we say, meaning a part that integrates so smoothly with the total clothes effect that while the *look* is instantly charming, only a practised fashion eye picks up the colour tricks that go into it. There is nothing noble about legs that stand alone, forever amber, forsaken from kneecap to ankle. (And while we're all for a good sun tan, it's no substitute for a little colour, can't flatter like the thin veiling of sheer stockings.) Finding the right stocking shade takes, besides a thorough consideration of the clothes and occasion involved, a little imagination, a little time in front of a long mirror, and the kind of common sense that tells you that with bare sandals, heel and toe reinforcements are as ugly as they are unnecessary, that, in general, seams and summer are a bad combination. Now for imagination: Yellow stockings turn into a golden shadow on the legs; and pretty as they are with anything from pale lemony yellow to deep chrome, they can also work wonders with a leaf-green print. The idea here is to shadow your legs in a colour that revs up, but doesn't necessarily imitate, the colour of the rest of your costume. Another plan is *very* pale pink stockings with red shoes. And good on the subdued-for-city side are stockings of gentled black and brown, greyed-blue, and, of course, a deepened beige—still there, still right, always—if you insist. There is a new yellowed-beige stocking that does wonders for white—pure, paper-white silk or rich, creamy white linen—as do pale orange and yellow and pink stockings worn with pale shoes, bright shoes, but not black shoes. Occasionally, you might even forget the idea of linking dress and stockings: for instance, with black and white prints, stripes, or polka dots, try apricot stockings. One guidepost: stick to shadowy, ectoplasms of colours.

New swing in the stocking situation

Three ways, here, to put legs in the colour picture—all subtlety, no shocks. The *too* bright, *too* coloured stocking is, we feel, no charmer at all, just a fashion gaffe. . . . But for the new long-distance legs, the new colour wave in clothes, three charmers on their way to must-status in the stocking drawer are these, all shadowy as veiling: Orange poppy, by Van Raalte; at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Hudson's. Merry-go-round yellow, by Berkshire; at Macy's; Woodward & Lothrop; Famous-Barr. Mermaid green, by Belle-Sharmeer; at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres. *For shops in other cities, see page 153.*





The organization coat



Spring versions—three of them here—of the handsome, timeless coat that runs a wardrobe, taking any number of looks in its stride. The shapes are fitted, slightly-fitted, straight-and-lean; the fabrics, tweed, jersey, and grey flannel—adding up to six reasons why American women can bank on them, enjoy them.

Far left: Curry-and-white wool tweed coat, double-breasted, with hinted-at fit—this, for everywhere short of deep country. Instead of a collar: a separable fringed scarf. By Jablow; about \$225. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. The hat: Emme.

Left: Two invincibles—the slim shirtwaist coat and grey wool flannel. What's '59ish about it: a wide off-neck collar, less sleeve, less skirt. Inside, a skirt of the same flannel, a grey plaid silk taffeta blouse. Costume, by Maurice Rentner, in Forstmann wool. This, and the necklace, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at Sakowitz. Straw hat by Irene of New York.

Right: The heavenly jersey coat—straight, uncomplicated, and beige. This year's marks are the open collar, shortened sleeves—and a limitlessness about time and place. By Ben Gershel; about \$160 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. The hat by Christian Dior-New York.



Paris looks— copied at young prices

Four fresh young fashions, designed originally by Jacques Heim, and copied here with attractive sleight-of-price. All have an enduring prettiness that runs for several seasons; all in junior sizes; all, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.

Near right: Town suit that lives, easily, in or out of coat. Black petit-point wool, with a scalloped jacket, straight skirt; about \$70. Sally V hat: Bonwit Teller. I. Miller shoes.

Centre right: Little evening dress for dinners, any party short of long-dress status. The scoopy top is deep green silk taffeta; pink and green flowers bloom on a puffed silk shantung skirt. Copied by Hayette; about \$65. Palizzio shoes. Necklace: Lilly Daché Boutique.

Far right, above: The good-black-dress for evenings in the city—unflinching as to season. Black silk shantung; neck and waist both high at front, low at back. Copied by Hayette; about \$40. Sally V hat: Bonwit Teller.

Far right, below: A coat of cornflower blue wool with wide collar, double-breasting, and sleeves that stop after turning the elbow (clearing space for long gloves). About \$70.





Pre-collection Paris fashions— Israeli fabrics

Fashion has its own long-range radar. And, although the illusion persists that clothes news is born in the nowhere of a scented hatbox or a tufted salon, sealed against the world, the facts—frankly—are quite the other way round. Proving the point on these pages are five costumes recently designed by famous Paris couturiers and made, in each case, of fabrics from the young and zooming textile industry of Israel. The clothes are part of a collection, including both French and Israeli designs, that was shown in Paris at the end of 1958, and is now touring in the U. S. and Canada. Of the textiles involved—cottons, woollens, jerseys—some were made in Israel's enormous modern factories; some in the home workshops of the Negev. The clothes were photographed in the Paris apartment of the famous architect and designer, Mr. Emilio Terry.





Opposite page: Left, Guy Laroche version of the drawstring suit; the fabric, lavender-and-white herringbone tweed from Israel. In hand—an unfussed topcoat of the same tweed, patch-pocketed. Right, Lanvin Castillo's at-home shirt dress of cotton printed with letters of the Hebrew alphabet; at the hem, a shirtwaist ruffle, higher in front. *This page:* Above, left, Balenciaga's dress-and-jacket suit of beige tweed with bronze wire buttons on the bloused jacket, a certain aloofness about the collar. The dress is straight, unsleeved. Above, right, Cardin costume—creamy wool coat with his famous mushroom collar; underneath it, a sleeveless dress of wool and gold thread woven together by hand. Eliakim jewels. Right, Chanel costume—a shirty little dress of shantung, tied tidily at neck and waist; worn with an easy wool coat in the same shade of violet. Coiffures both pages, by Guillaume.



New colour game: 2 x 1 + a third

Play begins with one colour used twice but *not* in the same tone. When you strike the plus sign, add a third colour for brilliance. Example right: yellow goes twice—the cast of the dress is mustard; buttercup, the tone of the hat. For zing: orange calfskin shoes. The printed silk dress, mildly high-waisted, by Lanz; \$46. Josef handbag. Both at Bonwit Teller. Sally Victor hat, with flowers. Palizzio shoes, about \$25, Lord & Taylor.

Colour play with black—example, right: black is the twice-played “colour”; white plaiding in the dress makes the tonal difference; the Milan hat—rather Norma Shearer—is unbroken black. Surprise third: currant-red shoes. Tangent to all: small white gloves by Hansen; patent leather handbag by Lederer. Dress, of silk surah, by Oleg Cassini, \$70. At Lord & Taylor. Sally Victor hat. Natural Bridge shoes, \$13 at Arnold Constable.

Double play with off-green—example, far right: dress and hat in two intensities of greyed green—the dress, pale; the hat, a shade deeper. The new plus: currant-red shoes. Drawstring dress by Jewel, of crépy silk. \$165. Ingber handbag. Both at Lord & Taylor. Strawcloth hat with an ingénue roll to its brim, a small pointy crown, by Lilly Daché. Valley shoes; about \$20 at Best & Co.



VOGUE PATTERNS

5 Patterns
that work
together
9 ways



Red worsted jersey suit
+
printed silk blouse
or
dotted chiffon blouse
or
white silk shirt

VOGUE PATTERN 4950

The story here: five little patterns and how they grew—adding up to a smashing spring wardrobe of nine different looks, covering any hour of a day. The five patterns, shown here and on the next pages, provide the key personnel of a clothes plan—suit, blouse, skirt, shirt, dress—and each of these pieces plays puss-in-the-corner with the others, combining in ingenious ways. Aiding in the game: one colour scheme throughout—black, white, red.

We figure it this way. The suit and sleeveless dress are both made of red worsted jersey, so the cardigan jacket can double over the dress—thereby making a second, and different kind of, suit. The blouse for the suit is black-and-white printed silk with a trick of its own: namely, a full skirt of the same print (when it's not a suit-blouse, it's a dress-top, as shown right). A shirt enters the plot here, to be made twice; once, in white silk, again in dotted red chiffon—see both of these one page forward. Dotted red silk surah makes an evening skirt, from the same pattern used for the black-and-white silk skirt, but floor-length. Possibilities here: White shirt with suit, with either of the other skirts. Dotted chiffon blouse with suit, or with the dotted surah skirt—the latter combination totaling a wonderful evening shirt-dress for dinners at home.

Left: Cornerstone of this organization—a red worsted jersey suit that extends itself to all the other participants in the plan. The cardigan jacket is eased, unfussy, and therefore transferable to other skirts and dresses; the narrow skirt has a one-piece front, and a specially good back (centre panel, *two* kick pleats). Vogue Pattern 4950, made, in this instance, of Sag-No-Mor fabric.

Right: An afternoon dress in two pieces, both silk surah printed in black-and-white hound's-teeth. The blouse, seen also with the suit at left, is sleeveless here (although the pattern provides for sleeves), with a high banded neck, a few buttons at back. The skirt is full, and gathered all around. The blouse, Vogue Pattern 9273; skirt, Vogue Pattern 9654. Both, of Gourdon fabric.

Other views, yardages, on page 162.

Printed silk blouse

+

its own silk skirt

VOGUE PATTERN 9273
VOGUE PATTERN 9654



Five Vogue Patterns—nine looks

Left: A narrow sliver of dress, in red worsted jersey—same fabric as the suit a page back (that's the suit jacket, in hand). The dress is sleeveless, bloused a bit over a narrow belt, with a high banded neck that makes late-day jewels feel at home. Vogue Pattern 9704; Sag-No-Mor fabric.

Below: Valuable addition to the company—a classic shirt of white silk crêpe, worn here with one possible partner: the black-and-white silk surah skirt that's already been introduced. Shirt, Vogue Pattern 9485.

Opposite: A party-at-home costume, that might also see country club service this summer. The shirt is red and white dotted silk chiffon, the skirt, red and white dotted silk surah. Patterns for both are the same as the ones shown below: shirt, Vogue Pattern 9485; skirt, Vogue Pattern 9654. Chiffon and surah, both by Goodman & Theise. *Other views, yardages, page 162.*



Red worsted jersey dress
+
jacket borrowed from
the cardigan suit

VOGUE PATTERN 9704



White silk shirt
+
black-and-white silk skirt
or
red jersey suit
or
dotted surah skirt

VOGUE PATTERN 9485



Dotted chiffon shirt
+
dotted surah skirt
or
red jersey suit

VOGUE PATTERN 9485
VOGUE PATTERN 9654

Spring coats that bloom through the year

A little girl's spring coat that's really worth its salt—like any one of the four shown, at right—is only *starting* its career in the spring. If, like these four, it's light in weight but has a good tincture of warmth, its field of action—post-spring—is practically limitless. To name a few of the directions in which it can move, easily: summer travelling, when a light-but-warm coat is always needed; autumn school days, parties, concerts, Sunday school, music-lessons—all these and more, in almost any part of the country, and almost any kind of weather except the kind that comes straight from Antarctica. And if, besides being endlessly flexible, it also has a large dollop of classic good looks—again, see the four coats here—it's even more of a treasure; for one thing, there's no struggle involved in getting the owner to put it on. . . . Now, reading from left to right in this spirited early-spring scene in Central Park:

Left: Boyishly-cut coat a little brother wouldn't blush at wearing if it buttoned the other way; oatmeal-beige wool hopsacking, Norfolk-belted at the back. About \$20.

Second from left: Beige wool suède-cloth coat with a high-waisted look achieved by high buttoning at the front, flap pockets placed at a highish level. About \$25.

Second from right: Charming coat for spring (and other times; see above), in a cheerful colour—yellow. Bouclé wool, buttoned high, with raglan shoulders, belt at back. About \$25.

Right: The classic double-breasted reefer, neatly fitted, and made in the fabric that's most becoming to it; grey wool flannel (this, by Stevens). Pearly buttons. About \$25.

All four coats, sizes 7 to 14, by Bambury. Breton sailor hats of white straw braid, grosgrain-banded. Gloves by Wear-Right. All, including the Mary Janes, at Best & Co.

Coats, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Meier & Frank.

Perambulator, being aired by one of the two excellent nannies, by Silver Cross. The nannies themselves, we're sorry to say, are unobtainable (unless you want to try kidnapping—).





“I’m glad I’m

by one of Mrs. Exeter’s friends



The bitter moment when I realized that youth was not eternal occurred when I first heard my little daughter’s playmates referring to me as “Betty’s mother.” Up to that time the fruit of my loins had achieved her status by being my fruit. Now these little members of my gender (sex was not a nice word then), hardly out of training pants, were consigning me to the category of the Older Woman, achieving my status by being an ancestor of their generation.

Being still in my twenties, I had not begun to show many signs of creeping senility. This is not boasting. It is merely stating a fact from the perspective of a few added decades, like stating the fact that I wore skirts up to my knees, and shingled my hair, and thought the new experimental sound movies would never rival the artistry of the silent screen.

By the time we both were thirtyish, my husband’s hair was a platinum white that made him look tremendously distinguished. I didn’t look distinguished at all. I merely looked young, with no right to be having such an impressively handsome mate.

He liked having me look young, and was fond of telling people that the children were by his first wife—leaving them to discover for themselves that he never had had but one wife. And do you think I liked looking young? Well, I felt just as you do.

This was the era when youth-worship was at its height;

Left: Mrs. Exeter, too, is glad she’s “of a certain age”—and knows how to dress for it; clear colours, un-fussy lines, a bit of softness near the face. Here: dress and belted jacket of clear-beige textured silk, dotted in white; dress top in silk chiffon, softly tucked. By Young Viewpoint. About \$70. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Miss Frederics hat. “Autumn Haze,” Emba natural brown mutation mink stole by Revillon. Herbert Levine shoes.

sixty”

when forty was considered the point of no return. We had to act frantically young, stay frenziedly young. A whole generation was suffering from retarded, or from simulated, adolescence. Life would be pretty dull, we thought, when flaming youth was over, and we no longer had a remote chance of looking like Clara Bow.

That portentous thirtieth birthday made me begin to notice with uneager interest the number of magazine articles concerned with keeping a strangle hold on youth. Mud packs and massages to preserve the youthful skin after thirty; hints to keep the hair from fading after thirty; exercises to slim and trim the figure after thirty. Always after thirty.

At the time I thought the milestone of forty would be correspondingly more depressing, and that by sixty there would be nothing left of interest but a daily saunter out to the tombstone factory.

But the doldrums of the thirties—both mine and the calendar's—got swept away in the depression and the war and the postwar; in having new babies and seeing older babies grow into people. Responsibility and ductility begat each other in the undetermined sequence of the chicken and the egg.

I was too involved when forty happened to do much keening over whether or not it made visible inroads. Mud masques and massages? That youthful skin business would have to do with a few absent-minded sloshes of cold cream. Fading hair? Don't fool myself! My hair was not fading, it was turning grey, and personally I couldn't blame it. Daily exercises to keep my figure slim and trim? I got enough daily exercise all right, and someone who remembered three bulging pregnancies was not going to be too ungrateful for a fairly presentable waistline.

During the intermediate years I pridefully saw my progeny—those diaper soakers, those routine wreckers, those thumb suckers, those oatmeal spitters—on to becoming shoe scufflers, toothbrace wearers, car poolers, telephone monopolizers, blue-jeans addicts, crinoline swingers, diploma clutchers, and then, young marrieds and Pabulum pushers on their own.

Almost suddenly I was sixty. My husband and I were back where we started, alone together.

Back where we started? Not at all. We had come a long way. New experiences had been added to our lives as an old house tacks on new rooms. Our (Continued on page 154)



Above: "I can choose the things on which I spend my time . . ." Here, visiting *The Design Center for Interiors*, Mrs. E. displays another good choice—her dress: dark-beige textured silk with a charming, draped collar and bodice, easy-walking pleat at the back. By I. Doctor. About \$60. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Straw toque with tulle, edelweiss; Lord & Taylor.

GOSSIPY

MEMO ON

NASSAU

Nassau has a crush on pink, the pink of crushed strawberries, which shines from the houses, the vast hotels, the prim English shops on Bay Street which are massed with cashmere, with porcelain, with tweeds. Offsetting the Englishness of it all is the covered Straw Market, where Bahamians sell straw hats, bags, slippers, and table mats. Note: Smart women buy men's hats with brown and white plaid bands. Emilio Pucci's slim-shanked slacks and printed shirtwaists are sold at Ambrosine; boned-bosomed bathing suits in floral cotton cost \$14 at Francise. A respite from shopping might be a dip into the creamy octagonal Nassau library, where, in the reading niches, there are rocking chairs.

Beaches are everywhere. Pure swathes of crushed-coral sand brushed by seas the colours of milk jade and deep sapphire rim New Providence—about twenty miles long and seven miles wide, with its capital, Nassau. The beaches, being coral, never get hot, but often look pale pink. A dash from Nassau is Hog Island with its famous Paradise Beach; Emerald and Cable Beaches run along the northern shore; Lyford Cay is at one point; and many people scud to the Out Islands for quiet bathing in small pagan coves. Seven hundred islands and about twenty-four hundred cays comprise the Bahamas, which extend in an arc off Florida. Incidentally, about forty islands are for sale now, costing from ten thousand to two-hundred-and-fifty thousand dollars. The Nassau Development Board will supply more news about island buying, or Bert L. Roberts in Nassau.

Although white-sailed boats, like flurrying snowflakes, skim constantly over the blue Bahamian waters, the big local sailing event in April is the Out Island Regatta. Manned by Bahamians, the tough working sloops start from an anchored position with sails furled, at George Town harbour, Great Exuma. Catcalls, challenges, and braves fill the air; bands play; children parade; and His Excellency The Governor of the Bahamas is on hand to present prizes. Prince Philip will also be there this year, along with hundreds of yachtsmen who sail over to watch the no-holds-barred race whose main rule is "Don't collide." For four days, beginning April 23, the island is in full carnival, and winners get prizes totalling several thousands of dollars.

Water-skiing, skin diving, and aqualunging are zooming sports in the translucent Bahamian waters. Bruce Parker, at the Nassau Beach Lodge, arranges for water-skiing and initiates neophyte SCUBA divers. In town, Dotty Grant sends skin divers on half-day excursions for \$10; and SCUBA diving costs \$10 for an aqualung of oxygen, which lasts about one hour. George Long directs explorations of the spiky coral reefs, with aqualung, for \$22 a person a day. Nassau's main beat of conversation: fishing. Deep sea fishermen go after wahoo, blue marlin, tuna, and sailfish. The deep blue tongue of ocean in the Great Bahama Bank between Andros and New Providence is rich in game fish, and boats to explore these waters are rentable at Yacht Haven in Nassau. It is as easy to get a boat as a drink of rum. Of the two dozen or so yachts for charter there are: "Blades II," a fifty-four-foot Consolidated cruiser which sleeps six and, including crew, fuel, and tackle, rents for \$700 a week; "Lady Luck," a fifty-foot Chris-Craft which sleeps six and costs, with equipment, \$500 a week, or \$75 a day; "Sea Horse," a thirty-eight-foot Matthews which sleeps two and, with equipment, runs \$280 a week or \$50 a day. Among the attractive cruising sailboats are "The Traveller," a forty-foot ketch whose captain-owner, Art Crimmins, charges around \$550 a week.

For people who prefer a house to a private island, one of the big new projects is Lyford Cay, a vast plaisance of palms, sea-grape trees, and flowers, fondled into being by a Canadian, (*Continued on page 158*)

The Nassau house-about-a-pool of Sir Francis and Lady Peek

Opposite, the emerald pool around which the Peeks have built Capricorn, their sunny, pillared house on the northern shore of Nassau. Semi-classical, semi-tropical (the Peeks somewhat casually describe its architecture as "West Indian Palladian" or "Hellenic Caribbean"), Capricorn owes its name to Lady Peek's astrological sign. Designed in 1956 by Arnold Robjohns, the house knows the ocean inside and out... inside, domesticated in the salt-water pool, often used for night swimming... outside, slapping at the beach, for water-skiing, spear-fishing, motorboating. Shown here by night—mirroring the loggia, the white iron chairs and sofas, beds and fat tubs of such tropical plants as orange impatiens and Spanish bayonet—the pool is a shining stage, caught between acts.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING





The white-columned pool; through the door at the left, a view of the ocean and Lyford Cay

CAPRICORN

The pool-enclosing Nassau house of Sir Francis and Lady Peck



The poolside loggia, cool yellow, beige, and white

Coolness sets the decorative pace throughout Capricorn . . . coolness of colour; white, gold, and muted pastels . . . coolness of materials; lacy iron, airy bamboo, the icy texture of marble . . . all pointed up by the special implied coolness of water. In the poolside loggia, shown *above* and *left*, white wrought-iron furniture is cushioned in beige; a white French chintz, printed with green and beige Martinique scenes, covers a sofa and pillows. On the pale cocoa mat, woven of vetiver in Dominica, stands a contemporary table with a white iron-rope frame, a black marble top. Some of the Old World treasures with which the Peeks punctuate this New World setting find important decorative duties here: the eighteenth-century Italian busts sitting on Louis XIV lavender-blue marble pedestals in front of the white-trellised yellow walls; the celestial-terrestrial English globe, about 1820, reputedly from Lord Nelson's suite at Admiralty House in London. The entrance to Capricorn, *below*, predicts the colour scheme of the house beyond . . . Italian cypress, purple petrea, pink and yellow datura, cup of gold creepers, ficus trees, and bougainvillea grow in brilliant contrast to the quiet, white-moulded yellow walls and the white concrete columns that preface the house.



The entrance drive, a classic approach to Capricorn

Lady Peek, a lean young beauty
with her son, Charles Edward Peek.





The drawing room, gold-lit by the Chippendale mirror, the glittering table and chair trim, the gilded bronze horses.



Lady Peek's pale-blue bedroom, off a sea-scanning balcony.



The dining room: décor European, mood Caribbean

CAPRICORN *continued*



In the seaside loggia, a scarlet-striped awning shades stone from the island, Eleuthera

Capricorn luncheons and dinners are served in one of two places. Fair-weather guests gather in the seaside loggia, *above*, from which a white-balustered stairway dips down to a rocky cove. Behind the green-cushioned, bamboo iron dining arrangement in the foreground: a beige sailcloth and white filigree iron lounge group against natural beige stone walls. Indoor dining goes on in the room at left, a lively potpourri of periods and places. From Italy, the beige travertine marble table, the seventeenth-century Nubian figure. From England, the bamboo Regency chairs, the Jacobean needlework rug, the black-lacquered, slate-topped buffet. From France, overseeing the room, a red tôle chandelier, to which delicate white Meissen flowers are attached . . . and the blue-skied, story-telling screen, part of a series, "Découverte des Indes."



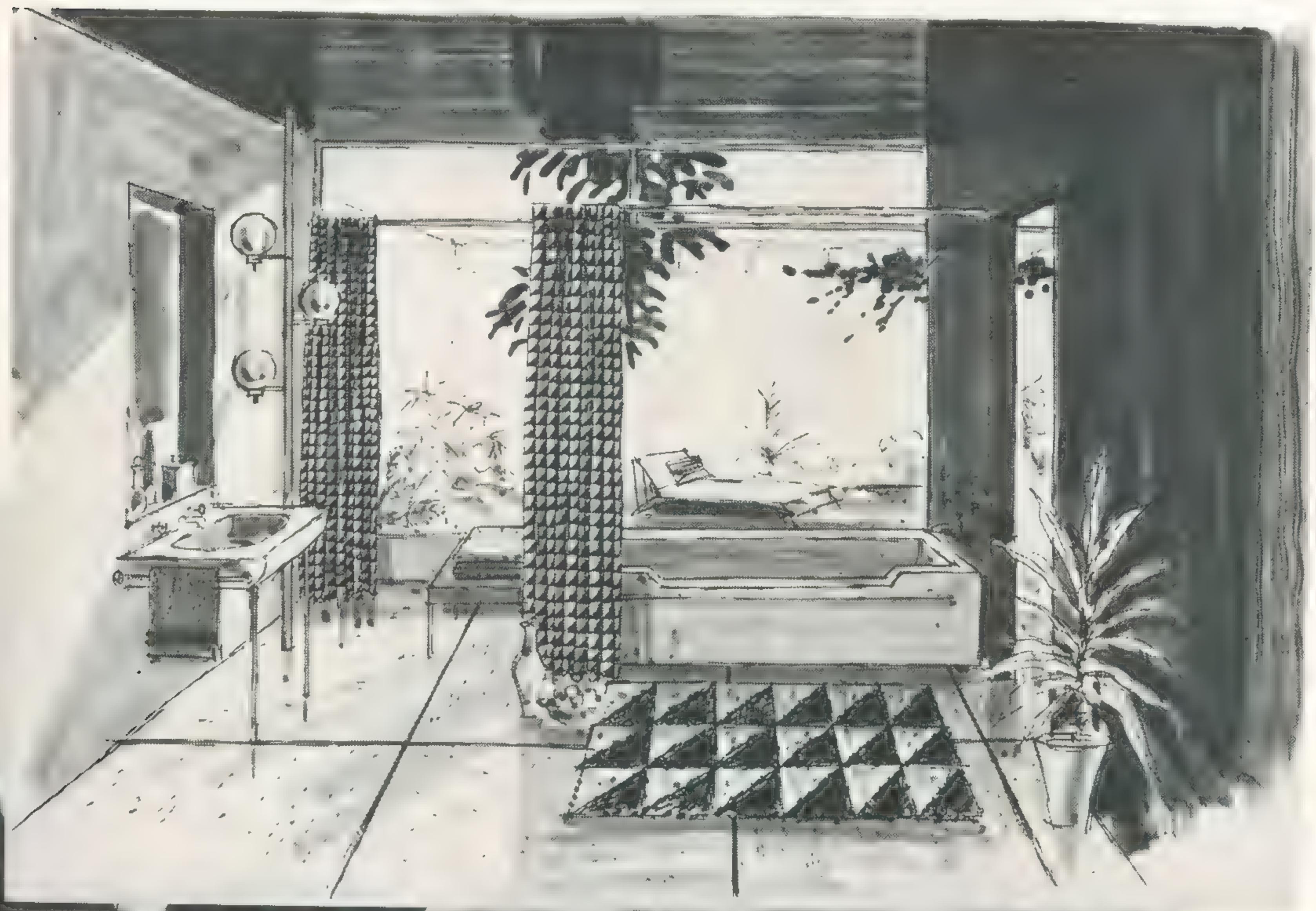
20th CENTURY SPACE-MAKERS

8' x 14': From
one narrow
expanse, three
"private"
rooms.

Here and on the facing page and on page 72: three new space-making ways to make the bathroom the biggest *little* room in the house, some accessories to help make it the prettiest. On this page, a bath-dressing room. The space-makers include, for one, the hard-to-come-by combinations of window vistas and privacy, here arrived at by putting the windows way above eye level, all around two sides, freeing the lower walls for other tasks. For another, walnut panels separating the louvered toilet closet and the tub from the basin, creating thereby a secluded "dressing room." Still another, the mirrored dressing wall and the basin, cantilevered, seemingly without pipes to commandeer leg space. Panelled in extensions of the windows' walnut verticals, the Carrara glass walls appear to admit light, but really don't, they just reflect it. The room was designed by John and Earline Brice for Rheem, whose white tub and basin are illustrated here. To decorate this tri-vided room, thirsty towelling by Martex, attractive prints for even the person who could never suffer a printed towel before. *Left to right:* for, perhaps, a country house, "Confetti," on a mint background. For a woman, "Hyde Park," crimson and pink, \$3; for a man, "Profile," green and white, \$1.65; at Altman's.

New idea for the morning shower: take it in the garden. This bathroom provides the illusion. Completely glass-walled at one end to admit a view of a private garden or terrace, the room introduces new visual joys to the daily routine, concurrently gains length and colour and texture. Further space-making is accomplished by covering one wall with a thin plywood veneer that goes on like paper, and is coated here with a vinyl spray, leaving no breaks or mouldings to complicate maintenance, heightening and widening the room. (Walnut, rosewood, or an exotic grain would be effective.) Other room-enlarging tricks: the recessed mirror, the shiny ceiling that adds yards by reflection . . . and the suggested scheme that leaves the towels to do the colour work, dresses the rest of the room in black and white. The white tub, its integrated rim stepped down at the centre to seat a bather in the drying process, is curtained in the same fabric as the window-wall, a black and white check, protected from the shower by a plastic inner curtain. The "Regency" fixtures were designed by Walter Dorwin Teague Associates for American-Standard, creators of this room. Beside the tub, in the sketch (and *left* in the photo), Cabin Crafts' wonderful, foot-pampering black and white bath rug, fur-like "Caresse," made of Acrilan and Verel in a marble pavement pattern, three feet by five feet, \$29.95; four feet by six feet, \$49.95, at Bloomingdale's. The colour spot, Fieldcrest's checked and fringed "Country Flair" bath towel, *right*, lilac, turquoise, lemon, mint green, or mocha with white, \$2 at Altman's.

10' x 10':
As big as
all outdoors.







No-calendar fashions: 2 views

Some of the greatest fashion supports come unexpectedly and once in a while. We have in mind, of course, the no-calendar clothes that turn up luckily (but not strictly by chance) in American shops every season now. The three silky little dresses on these pages happen to be do-everythings but not drudges. For instance, as true no-calendar clothes, they show an absolute call to the fur-coat life and they have the ability to look of-the-moment and be relaxed about it. Left and above, two silks photographed at New York's Museum of Modern Art, where the current show of Twentieth Century Design includes no-calendar fashions of another genre—besides cooking pots, X-ray tubes, church vestments, sewing machines, and a Métro gate, there are twenty-two chairs; some, by Mies van der Rohe, are shown above. Left, his famous Barcelona chair, a life support since 1929; right, two versions of the great S chair, 1926. At right-front: a canvas-wrapped steel stool by an unknown designer whose genius for uncomplicated comfort put the calendar on ice circa 1930. *No-calendar dresses:* Left, black silk twill with no hour-attachments; P.M., pour on fake pearls, sparkling earrings. Dress, a Galerie fashion, in William Rose silk. About \$70. Rosette Pennington; Vandever's; Kerr's; J. L. Brandeis. Above, colour-striped blue silk shantung, an elegant character to its shirtiness. By L'Aiglon, \$25. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson. Both hats, by Sally Victor.



No-calendar polka dots. Above, mint-green silk with enough white to get the colour across lightly. Here, the dress is worn with a green straw hat wrapped in white, pale-green shoes, and a general feeling of warmer weather in the air. Somewhere in the wings, there might be a lynx coat, its shaggy blondness looking wonderful over this silk. In milder coat-weather: navy-blue or green jersey. A less-shoe look (and more hat—a cartwheel, perhaps) could take over any day over 75 degrees, anywhere. The dress by Nelly Don, about \$25. Stern's; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Shoes by Valley. Galerie handbag at Rosette Pennington; J. L. Brandeis. *The unstuffiest armchairs:* Two designs of moulded plastic with a new unorthodoxy. Left, an Eero Saarinen design from Knoll Associates. Right, chair by Charles Eames: Herman Miller.

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No More Dry Skin Ever! Of all moisturizers, only Lanolin Plus Liquid contains 30% pure,

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Tell-tale lines, wrinkles, seem to vanish. This exclusive, patented formula makes dry skin soft, smooth, radiant—and keeps it that way! Make-up goes on smoother, looks lovelier, because there are no dry spots to mar it. No wonder Lanolin Plus Liquid is the world's greatest dry skin moisturizer!



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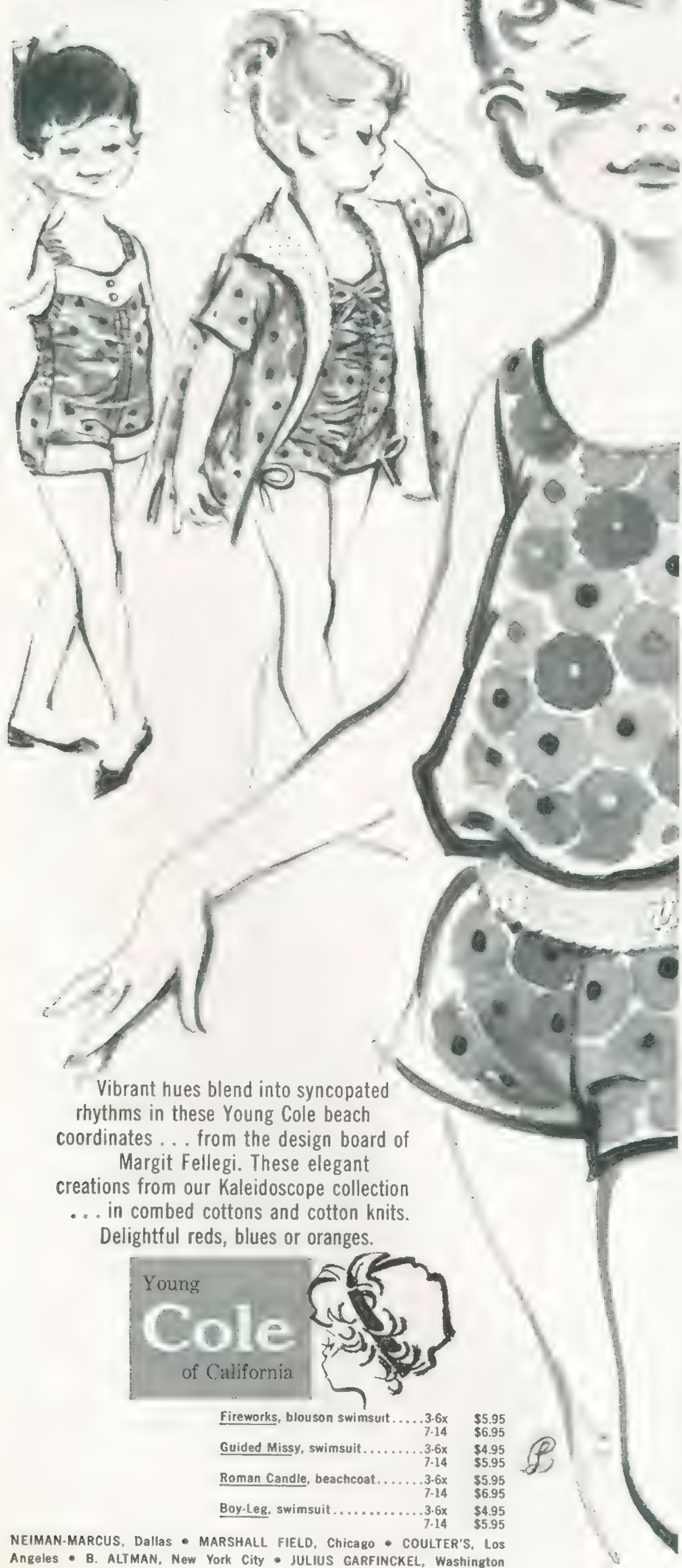
Big \$1.60 VALUE... only **\$1** + tax

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elegant

the word for
Young Cole



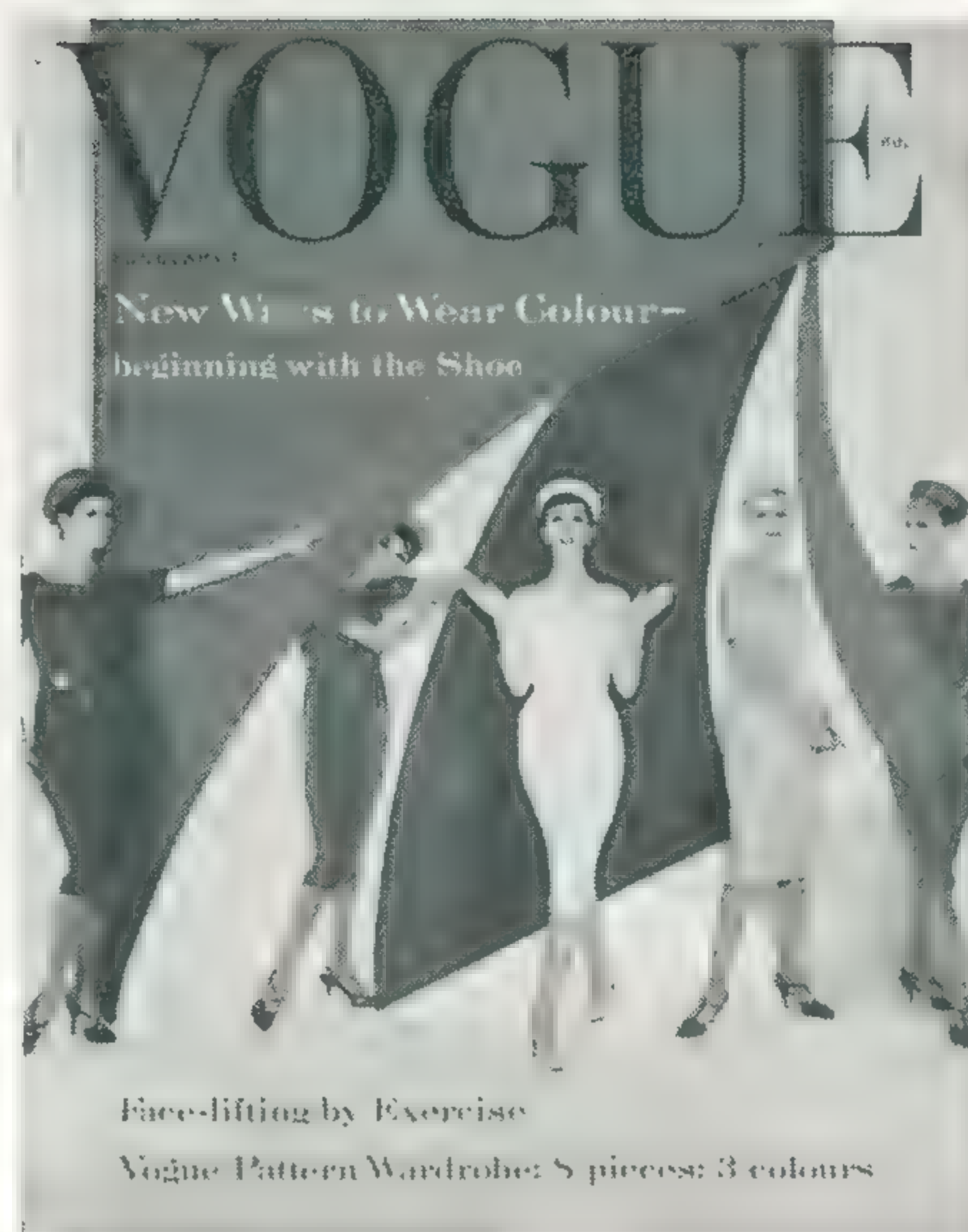
Vibrant hues blend into syncopated rhythms in these Young Cole beach coordinates . . . from the design board of Margit Fellegi. These elegant creations from our Kaleidoscope collection . . . in combed cottons and cotton knits. Delightful reds, blues or oranges.

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Cole
of California



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	7-14	\$6.95
Guided Missy, swimsuit	3-6x	\$4.95
	7-14	\$5.95
Roman Candle, beachcoat	3-6x	\$5.95
	7-14	\$6.95
Boy-Leg, swimsuit	3-6x	\$4.95
	7-14	\$5.95

NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas • MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago • COULTER'S, Los Angeles • B. ALTMAN, New York City • JULIUS GARFINCKEL, Washington



Left to right:

LIPARÉ SHOES IN OHIO CALFSKIN AND DONOVAN PATENT LEATHER WITH LIFETIME HEEL.

New York, N. Y. Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill. Bonwit Teller
Cleveland, Ohio Bonwit Teller
Manhasset, N. Y. Bonwit Teller
Miami, Fla. Jack Schaefer
White Plains, N. Y. Bonwit Teller

BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS

New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Chicago, Ill. Carson Pirie Scott
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker

MADAMOISELLE SHOES IN OHIO CALFSKIN

New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Baltimore, Md. Hutzler's
Detroit, Mich. J. L. Hudson
Indianapolis, Ind. Wm. H. Block
Miami, Fla. Burdine's

PHOENIX STOCKINGS

New York, N. Y. Altman's
Miami, Fla. Burdine's

NEWTON ELKIN SHOES IN HUBSCHMAN CALFSKIN

New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor

Atlanta, Ga. Rich's
Houston, Tex. Sakowitz

NOMEND STOCKINGS

New York, N. Y. Altman's
Boston, Mass. R. H. Stearns

FLORSHEIM SHOES IN DONOVAN PLAZA CALFSKIN

New York, N. Y. Florsheim
Chicago, Ill. Florsheim
St. Louis, Mo. Vandervoort's

HANES STOCKINGS

New York, N. Y. Bergdorf Goodman
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres

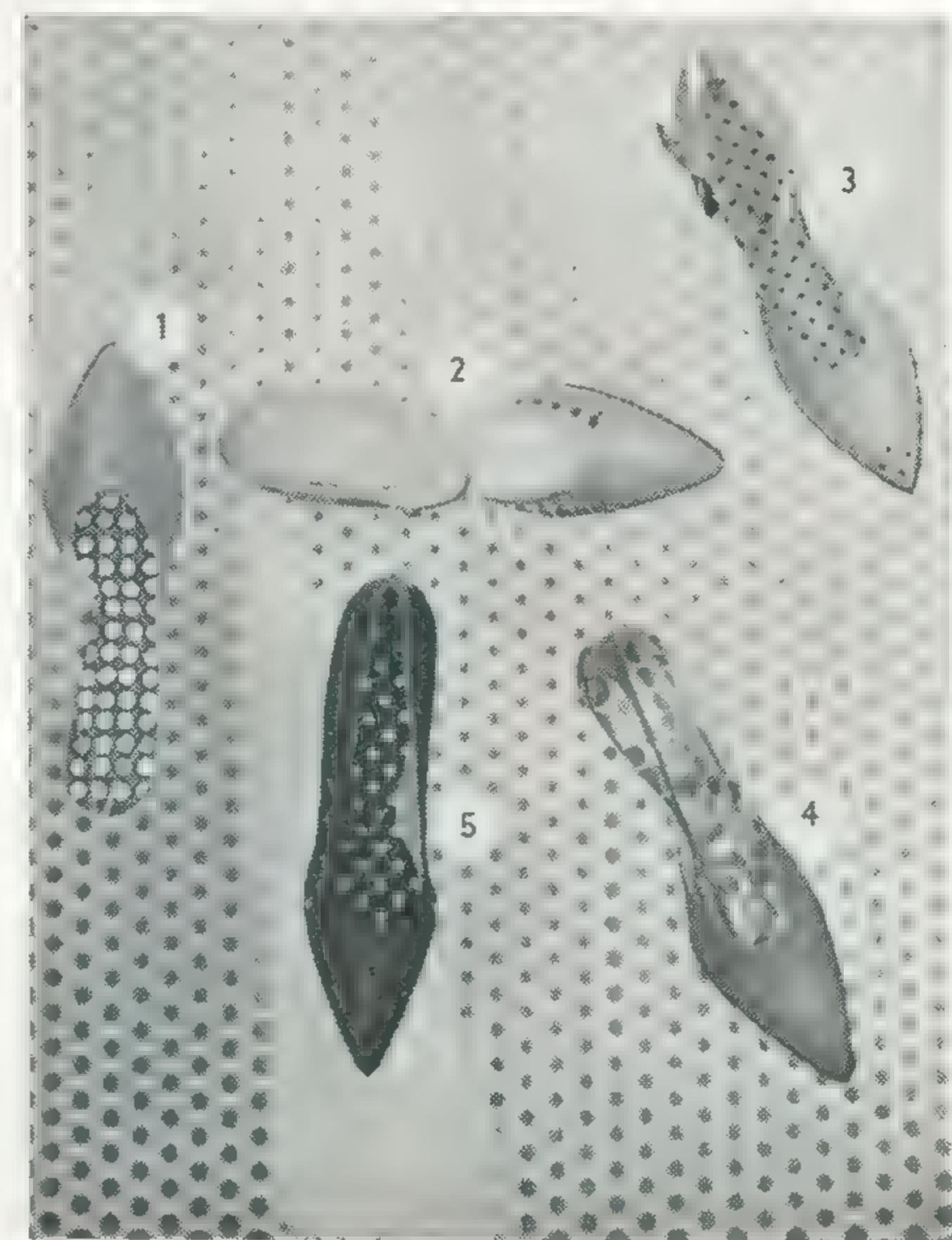
MARTINIQUE SHOES

New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's
St. Louis, Mo. Famous-Barr

MARY GREY STOCKINGS

New York, N. Y. Bergdorf Goodman
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

All hats, by Emme



DOTTED SHOE PAGE

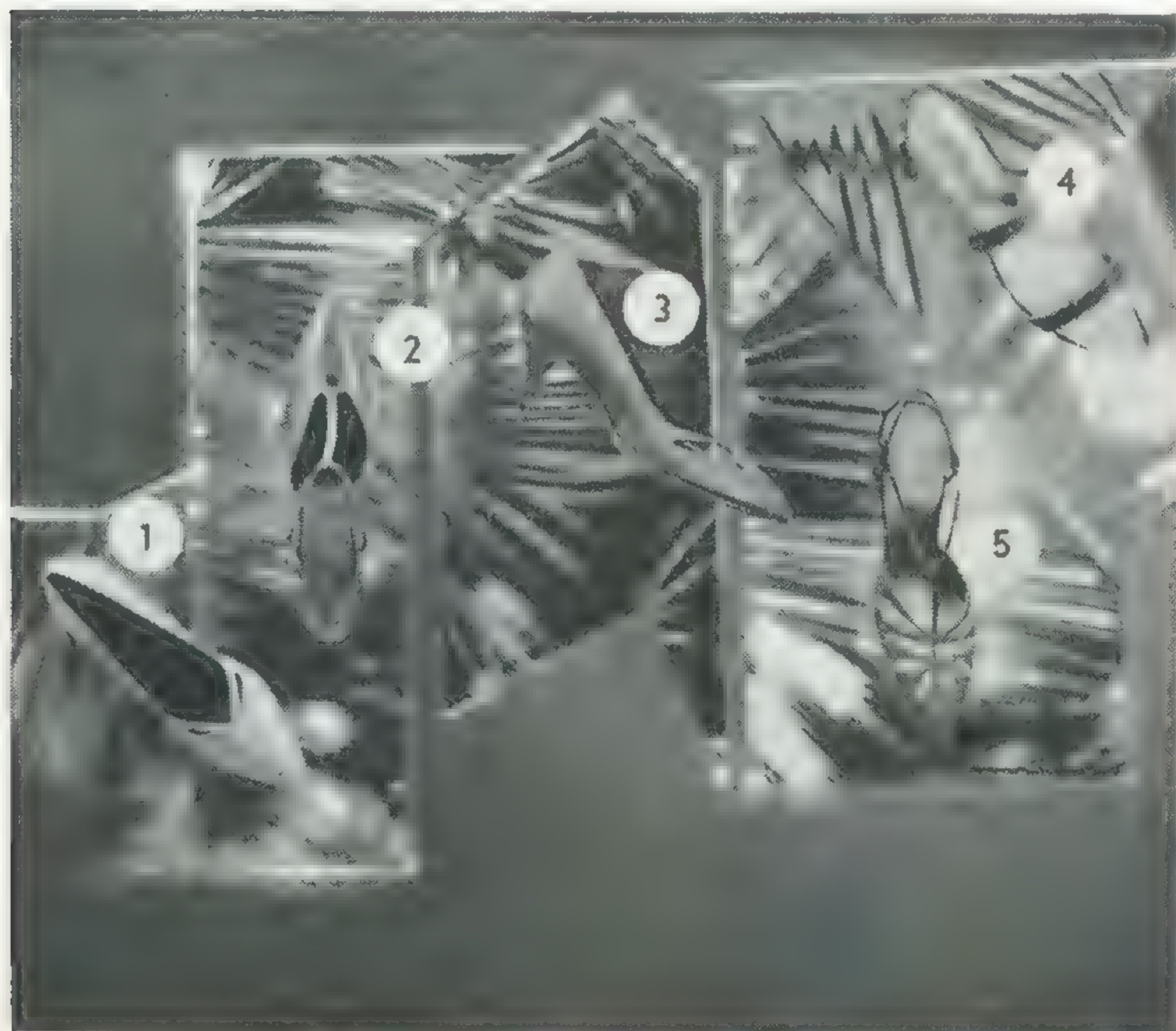
1. St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller
2. Delman shoe
3. New York, N. Y. Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. Bonwit Teller
San Francisco, Calif. Joseph Magnin
4. Atlanta, Ga. J. P. Allen

Philadelphia, Pa. The Blum Store
5. Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Denver, Colo. May-D & F
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres
Minneapolis, Minn. Dayton's

BRILLIANT OPENINGS

Shopping details—shoes and stockings

The following is a list of additional shops across the country where the shoes and stockings on Vogue's cover, the shoes on pages 106, 110-111, and the stockings on page 123 may be found.



BLUE SHOE PAGE

1. Denver, Colo.....Neusteter's
Omaha, Neb.....J. L. Brandeis
Pasadena, Calif.....Bullock's
2. Seattle, Wash.....Best's Apparel

St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel
3. Mademoiselle shoe
4. Cleveland, Ohio.....The Higbee Co.
5. Newton Elkin shoe



STOCKING PAGE

Foreground:
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. S. Ayres
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop
Centre:
Chicago, Ill.....Carson Pirie Scott

Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank
Background:
Los Angeles, Calif.....Bullock's
Minneapolis, Minn.....Dayton's
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne

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LOOKS NEW
IS YOURS
IN

American Girl
Deluxe

\$10⁹⁹ to \$12⁹⁹ with Lifetime Heels

288 A Street, Boston, Massachusetts • Div.: Consolidated National Shoe Corp.

I'M GLAD I'M SIXTY

(Continued from page 139)

horizon had expanded to include people and interests that did not exist when we started out: our children and our grandchildren; friends we did not then know; causes that had not then evolved; gadgets that had not then been invented; spiritual values we had not then appreciated.

I'm sixty, and I probably look every day of sixty. But just exactly how is sixty supposed to look? It makes all the difference which end of the telescope points at my three score years. Recently a man told me I looked like a girl, and I was quite set up until I remembered that he is pushing eighty, and to him I *am* a girl.

But no matter how I may buckle down and uplift, no matter how corrugated my permanent wave or how purple-y my hair is rinsed, I'm not going to look like a girl to anyone who really is a girl.

So long as my chassis doesn't get too droopy or bulgy in too many places and all my working parts are in reasonable order, so long as my grey matter doesn't get too grey to matter any more,

so long as my id doesn't get too dismal or smug or desiccated, I'm not going to quarrel too much about being thumbprinted by the hand of Time.

I shall not struggle to stay young with my children and horn in on all their activities. Staying young and staying youthful are entirely different matters. Just let me stay youthful enough to reach, not backward toward immaturity, but forward toward adaptability to changing mores.

When I was young I had a friend whose mother loved to tag along with us everywhere we went, like a younger brother tagging an older sister. She was fond of saying, "I just don't know the difference in me and you girls."

But *we* knew the difference all right. We were fond of her, but after all she was a Mama, and between Mamas and daughters there is fixed a great gulf. Only she couldn't see it. The gulf implies no lack of love, no lack of respect, not even a lack of congeniality. It is merely a difference in generations.

I try to remember my friend's mother whenever I find myself reaching too promptly for my hat at the merest drop of a polite, "Will you join us?" I try to remind myself that it could mean, "Will *you* join us!"

My children have plenty of contemporaries to be young with them, but they have only one mother. So, given my experience and limitations and shortcomings, my guess is that my children would prefer me to be a fairly acceptable working model of a grandmother, rather than an unreasonable facsimile of an isochronism.

With the young there is a basic need to be needed. When we are older there is a greater need to be wanted. Our children grow out of needing us, and it is well that they do. Otherwise they could never cut the umbilical cord and parents could never die off conscientiously. Think of the whole human race dangling umbilically from Eve like a monstrous mobile hanging from a primitive chandelier. We never would have progressed past fig leaves and applesauce.

But I hope my children will not outgrow wanting me. There

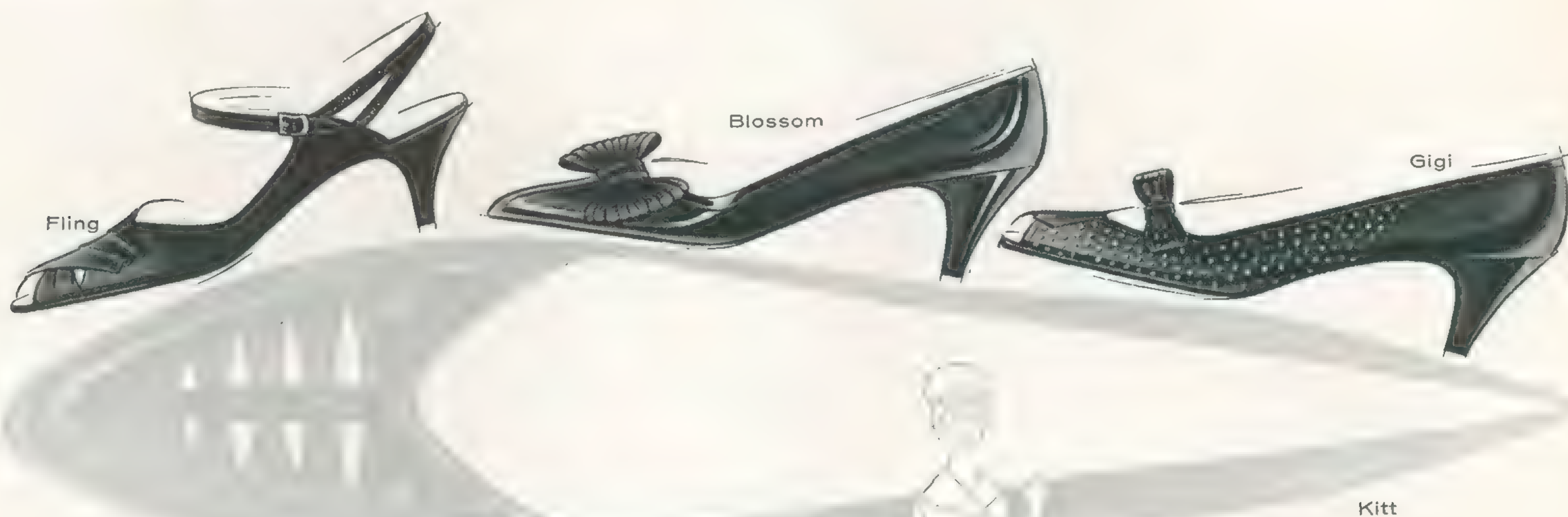
are times when it is good to be able to relax and be a parent's child instead of a child's parent. When those times come to my children I would like to think I could be at hand and adequate.

I must remember that I can't be adequate by parasitically draining their youth to nourish my shrivelling interests. I must continue to put down deeper roots to find my own hidden springs.

At the beginning of this season I was asked to model clothes in a fashion show. Not for a minute did I expect the gowns I modelled to be of the same design as those worn by the younger women and girls. Such costumes on me would have been grotesque and caricatural.

Looking at the charming youngsters in their full, ruffled skirts I thought that such fashions might well symbolize their full young lives—starting and stopping at so many points, sometimes running around in seemingly endless circles, but each tier adding to the voluminous and ever-widening unity of the whole.

There would have been no use in sulking and repining because such clothes are no longer
(Continued on page 155)



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FOOT SAVER SHOES

Foot Saver's exclusive Shortback® last insures
snug heel fit, yet permits caressing foot freedom.



I'M GLAD I'M SIXTY

(Continued from page 154)

for me. Actually, the clothes modelled by the older women were of richer, more costly fabrics. Fashioned on simpler lines, most of the ornamentation was achieved by manipulation of the material itself.

Again, couldn't such models symbolize our more mature selves? Shouldn't we consciously model our lives on simpler lines, stripping them of nonessentials? Of the fabric of our present circumstances—enriched, perhaps, by costly experience—can't we create a design for living in keeping with our years?

Sixty brings compensations thirty couldn't have appreciated, but it is important to remember that it brings attendant obligations. I can now take off on little trips serene in the knowledge that I am not leaving young folk at home to be tardy at school, or to get banged up playing ball, or to need a new dress whipped up for the overwhelmingly important fraternity dance.

But I must remember that a superannuate visitor staying around too long can be a disrupting influence in households where there are still school hours to be observed, and games to be played, and dances that eclipse interplanetary science in importance.

I can brag about my grandchildren with abandon, when decent modesty made me a little less vocal about my own reproductions. But I must remember that everybody doesn't share my single-hearted enthusiasm for this one subject, and other grandmothers are due their allotment of prejudice for their own (far less fascinating) descendants.

At sixty I can admit my limitations, and can go to bed at ten o'clock if I'm tired—even on Saturday nights. But I must remember that people who are still going strong at twelve or at two o'clock are not necessarily either morons or delinquents.

I can be a bit eccentric if I like, but I must remember to be careful about calling anyone else peculiar, lest the term backfire on me.

I can start a conversation with anybody anywhere, knowing that I look too old and too respectable to arouse in any breast either hopes or fears. But I must remember that everybody doesn't relish a tête-à-tête with a case history in geriatrics, however respectable;

and that it is all too easy for sixty's chattiness to degenerate into garbularity.

I had thought that when my children were all gone I would have ample leisure for thumb-twiddling, but that time seems never to come. The years present added areas of interest. However, to a certain extent, I can choose the things on which I spend my time.

I can search more deeply for unsearchable riches, approaching every day a surer realization that intangibles are the only things that can be grasped and held. But I must remember that I can not force my riches on anyone else; that it is the searching and the personal discovery that transmute the find into treasure.

A recent magazine article spoke pityingly of the "rôle of the elderly lady whose life is filled with grandchildren and good works." What is wrong with either grandchildren or good works? Who in her senses would trade even one small, fat, wet-bottomed grandchild for the doubtful privilege of having another personal go at juvenility? Our grandchildren give us a vicarious tenure on youth when we have achieved the perspective to enable us to appreciate it.

And as for good works: one definition of hell is "a state of being where we fully realize all the many times we have failed in our opportunities to do good." I can't think it would be such a piteous thing for elderly ladies to spend a little time catching up on their celestial bookkeeping.

Recently, having reached the reluctant conclusion that I was no longer a junior, I resigned from the Junior League, and from some of my other, more active committees. My daughter's generation is eminently capable of carrying on—more capable, I sincerely believe, than my generation has been. However, I was happy not to be shelved entirely. It was pleasant to be asked to serve in an advisory capacity.

What greater joy to a sixty-year-old than to be invited to give advice? Sixty is the age when we revel in distributing the largesse of advice. And the age when we don't have to take one word of it ourselves.

Goodie for me! I'm sixty!
By Elizabeth Davenport Plant



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EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK



A memory of Diaghilev and Nijinsky

BY JEAN COCTEAU

EDITOR'S NOTE: The arrival of the Russian ballet of Sergei Diaghilev, from 1909 through 1928, except during the first World War, was the sparkling culmination of Paris winters. Not only was the "Russian cultural invasion" unforgettable for its new standards of dance, but the catalytic force of Diaghilev's leadership freed for the public's enjoyment the creative imaginations of many artists, musicians, and writers, non-Russian as well as Russian. Among those catapulted to artistic prominence by association with Diaghilev's group were Debussy, Stravinsky, Ravel, Bakst, Cocteau, Picasso, Chagall and, among dancers too numerous to mention (with several of whom the autocratic director feuded later) Fokine, Massine, Karsavina, Balanchine, and Lifar. In a world apart was the master's favourite, Nijinsky.

The victim of his own genius, Nijinsky believed with a Parsifal's simplicity that his artistic integrity, technical power, and unerring dance instinct would sustain him; that he could survive the cabals of Diaghilev's entourage. But this greatest dancer of the modern world—a title yet to be seriously disputed—left the troupe, broken as much by its malice and power politics as by his own psychic ills.

Jean Cocteau, a boy of eighteen when Diaghilev first swept fash-

ionable Paris into his natty Homburg, worked in Rome eight years later with Picasso on the ballet, *Parade*, for Diaghilev's 1917 season. In the preceding years, Cocteau's fluid line, so apparently facile yet so perceptive, had caught Nijinsky in a hundred poses, and had pinpointed the impatient star-maker, Diaghilev, with a sure thrust perhaps equal to those of Modigliani and Picasso.

The stature of Cocteau, "inspired master of elegance," has been clouded for the general, literate public by his very versatility. Poet, novelist, playwright, artist, film-maker, discoverer and champion of new talent, lately writer of memoirs, and member of the French Academy, Cocteau has been touted and resented in turn as an innovator, an "internationalist." One could not do better to set the record straight than to quote the poet Max Jacob (who died at the Drancy concentration camp in 1944): "Jean," he said, "has the misfortune to be a man of wit. Some can not forgive him this, while others pretend that all they see in him is this charming attribute . . . The world is only too glad to make use of his dazzling abilities in order to conceal his virtues, his talents, his gifts. Yet the truth will out: Jean is one of the very great writers . . ."

Nijinsky's height was below average. His soul and body were one single professional deformation.

His face, with its Mongol features, was linked to his body by a very long, very thick neck. The muscles of his thighs and calves stretched the cloth of his trousers so taut that his legs seemed to arch out behind. His fingers were stubby and looked as if they had been cut off at the second joint. In short, no one could have thought that this little ape, with thinning hair and dressed in a full-skirted overcoat, topped by an unbecoming hat balanced straight on the crown of his head, was the idol of the public.

But he was, and with reason. Everything in him held itself in readiness to be viewed from a distance under lights. On stage his too thick musculature became svelte, his waist narrowed and lengthened (his heels never touched the ground), his hands grew into the tender leafage of his gestures, and his face shone.

Such a metamorphosis is almost impossible to visualize if one has not seen it take place.

After 1913, Nijinsky did not feel at home in *The Spectre of the Rose*, in which all his talents were given play. The reason was that the choreography of the *Sacre* had shocked its audiences, and he was indignant about the fact that *The Spectre* was acclaimed, while the other ballet was greeted with whistles and boos.

Heaviness becomes a habit; he never tired of seeking some trick to defy it. He had noticed that the latter half (the descent) of the leap which closes *The*

Spectre was, from the audience's point of view, almost totally lost. He made an innovation: a double leap, a double turn in the air from the wings, and a descent on points. His staff greeted him like a boxer: as he came off stage, hot towels, slaps, and cold water thrown in his face by his dresser Dmitri.

For several days after the *première* of *Faun*, he upset all of us who supped with him at Larue's by movements which looked as if he had a stiff neck. Diaghilev and Bakst were worried; they questioned him and he would not answer. We found out later that he was getting used to the weight of the horns [the apex or crown of the faun's head which formed an essential part of the costume]. I could give hundreds of instances of this constant study, which often made him seem sulky and ill-tempered.

At the Crillon (he and Diaghilev migrated from hotel to hotel, seized by a nomadic itch to roam), he would don a robe made of towelling, pull the cowl up over his head, and settle himself to note down his dance patterns.

I saw him create all his rôles. His deaths were poignant: the one in *Petrouchka*, when the clown becomes progressively human to the point of bringing tears to our eyes; the rôle in *Schéhéra-zade*, when he beat the floor as if he were a fish beating out its life at the bottom of a boat.

Sergei Diaghilev looked as if he were wearing the littlest hat in the world, yet if you put that hat on, it would come down to your ears. His head was so big that any covering seemed scaled too small.

(Continued on page 162)

Schiaparelli



the most beautiful event of her fashion life . . . Schiaparelli designs in care-free cotton, the 3-part ensemble for girls, 3 to 6x, about \$13; 7 to 14, \$15; pre-teen 6 to 14, \$18. In Shocking or Blue Jay, SCHIAPARELLI Fashions for Girls, Division, Audrey Scott, Inc., 21 Place Vendome, Paris 1. In New York: 112 West 34 Street. At all stores where high fashion and quality prevail, including Bonwit Teller • Marshall Field • J. W. Robinson • Burger-Phillips



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GOSSIPY MEMO ON NASSAU

(Continued from page 140)

Mr. Edward Taylor. Bordered by half a dozen miles of beach, there is a yacht basin and marina (a larger one is to be built) and a magnificent new eighteen-hole golf course designed by Dick Wilson. Facing both the water and golf course, there is a bone-white clubhouse where golfers lunch in the main room and change in delightful changing rooms—turquoise and white for women, brown and beige for men. Pretty villas are springing up around the golf course and the shores of Lyford Cay, which is a residential colony on the order of Mill Reef Club at Antigua. (For other house rentals in Nassau, write Bert L. Roberts, P. O. Box 194, or Harold Christie, P. O. Box 164, Nassau, Bahamas.)

Since World War II, Nassau has become a pivotal point for travellers and year-round residents who like the "no income tax" ploy. Among the palms and along the beach fronts, a forest of hotels has grown, with new ones every year. The acorn of a hotel from which all this grew is the ante-bellum Royal Victoria Hotel, built in 1860, where, undoubtedly, dashing Confederate blockade-runners wine and dine during the Civil War. Its gardens are famous.

Recently redecorated, the vast British Colonial Hotel is on the ocean and has its own pool. Each of its three big night rooms has a gala life of its own.

On a stretch of beach a mile from town, the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel is air conditioned, has a new Cabaña Club. In its Coral Room there is dance music. Flanking the Marine Bar and the new dining room are nine picture windows looking into the pool where, in a colour-lit froth of mechanical bubbles, an underwater ballet is staged during lunch, cocktails, and dinner.

A new splurgy place, the Nassau Beach Lodge, looks less like a lodge than a gigantic honeycomb horseshoed around a Valentine-shaped pool. There are also a beach with a spattering of striped, hooded shelters, a number of glass-bottomed boats, and a SCUBA diving school. The Emerald Beach Hotel is known mostly for its beach and its Jubilee Terrace where night-club acts entertain.

Among the smaller hotels, the Buena Vista (not on the beach) has all the charm of a private estate, which it once was. The Katzenjammers, a Trinidad steel band, plays for dining and dancing in a patio. Another small hotel, the Dolphin, is near town, has a glass-walled dining room with crystal chandeliers, where a four-piece Nassau band plays and Donald Butler sings. In town, the May Fair Hotel is indelibly British, but has a Sunday smörgåsbord. At the Windsor Hotel, the Ba-Ma room is done in a tropical motif. The bar, made from two long surf boards, is surrounded by tables made of palm boles. Blind Blake plays a calypso banjo, backed up by a Bahamian trio. At the Prince George Hotel on the harbour, Kurt Maier of the Eden Roc in New York, offers a nice switch from the bongo beat to the ump-ba of Viennese waltzes.

The Coral Harbour Club services yachts at its
(Continued on page 160)

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FACE-LIFTING BY EXERCISE *(Continued from page 115)*



Hand placement



Hand area for bags



Crow's-feet fixer



Hand area, crow's-feet

1. Sit erect. 2. Take mirror in hand with elbow on table and look straight at your mirror picture. Do not look down. 3. For 10 seconds, slowly raise the lower eyelids up to the centres of the eyes. 4. Hold for 2 more seconds in this position and close the eyes. 5. Relax muscles very smoothly under closed eyelids. 6. Repeat two more times.

Actually, this exercise is a blink, but it is done gradually under muscle control. Check with picture. Practise this exercise for 3 weeks. Each time you do it, follow it with this: 1. Sit erect, elbows resting on table, face completely relaxed. 2. Without any movement on the skin, carefully fit the ball of each hand to the bones around the eyes. (See picture) 3. Press gradually on bones as firmly as possible for 12 seconds. Do not move hands around on skin. 4. Release pressure smoothly. 5. Take hands off. 6. Apply the same pressure at the sides of the eyes to blot out crow's-feet. See picture for hand placement. If the pressure is fast enough and long enough, the crow's-feet and laugh wrinkles should be gone. But to keep them out you must train the muscles around the eyes over a period of time and remember not to frown. After the first week, use cream around eyes when you do this. After 3 weeks increase the time to 18 seconds and do the exercise more often each day.

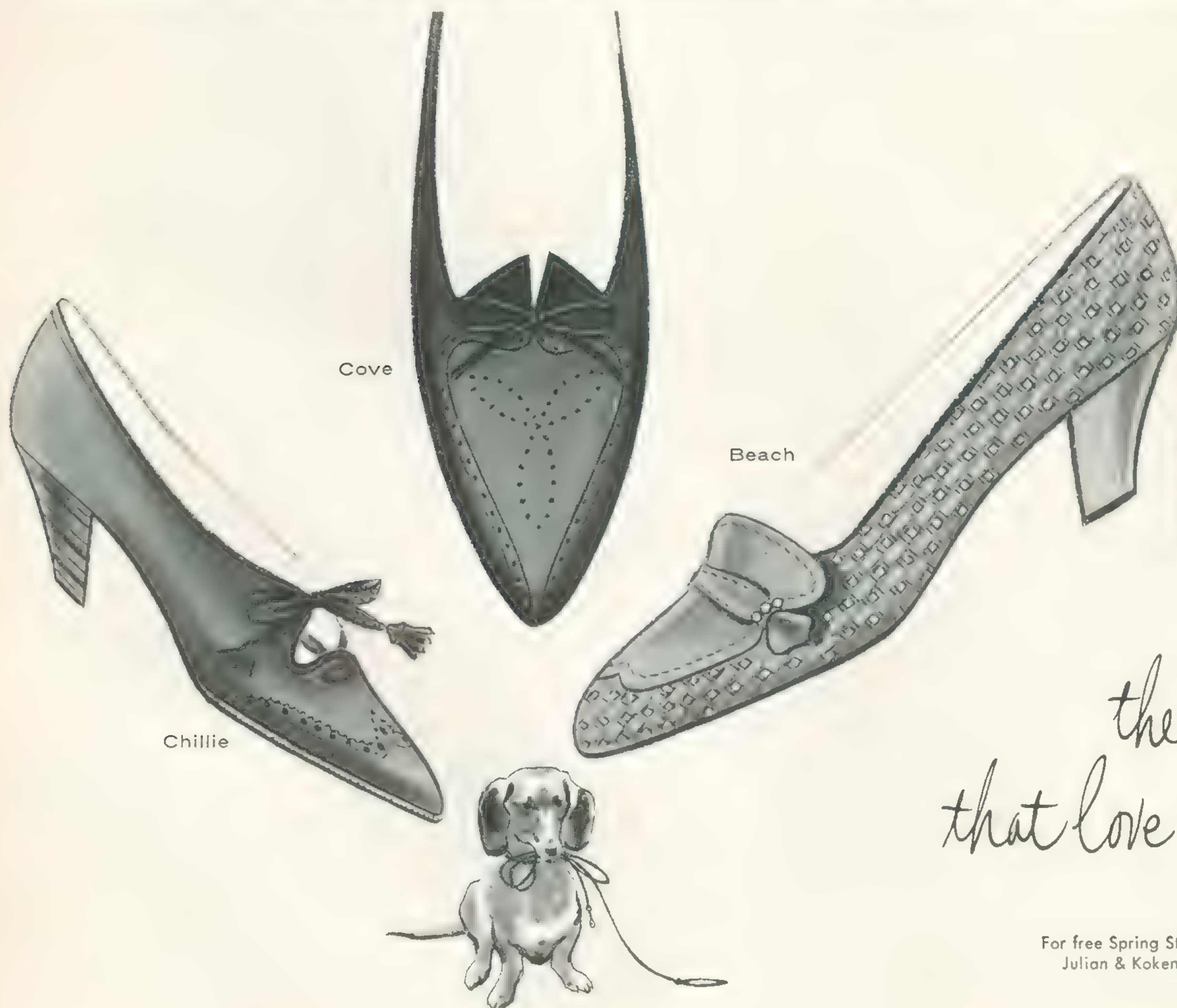
Now for the advanced part of this exercise. To

train the muscles around the eyes you must practise this three times a day. After the first week put cold cream around the eyes. 1. Sit as before, elbows on table. 2. Fit ball of hand to bones around the eyes. Press on bone as firmly as possible, setting up muscle resistance. 3. Working against this resistance, gradually raise the lower eyelids to the centres of eyes as you learned before but this time to a count of 8 seconds. Close eyes tight for 2 seconds. 4. Release tension smoothly under closed eyelids. 5. Take pressure off. Repeat this process, applying pressure at the sides of your eyes. After 2 weeks raise the eyelids for 8 seconds and close eyes tight for 3 seconds. Increase the closed-eyes time every 2 weeks by 1 second. Never take pressure off till muscles are completely relaxed. Repeat three times. Just as you train the muscles by raising the lids, you must also train them with a downwards movement. This way:

1. Sit as before, elbow on table. 2. Look straight at your mirror picture. Open eyes as wide as possible and concentrate on moving the lower eyelids down for 7 seconds. 3. Relax. Repeat this three times.

Note: Bags below the eyes are sometimes a symptom of illness.

Circles may be "built in" from birth and become more visible as the face grows bigger. In such cases exercises naturally will not accomplish substantial changes.



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GOSSIPY MEMO ON NASSAU

(Continued from page 158)

superb marina. Apart from this nod to yachtsmen there are the usual assets, a putting green, pool, beach, sea-scaped rooms, and quite extraordinary decorations, including Venetian crystal chandeliers dangling in the lobby. Rates for hotels and clubs in Nassau range anywhere from \$20 to \$45 a day a person, modified American plan, which means breakfast and dinner. European plan, naturally, is less, and prices dip considerably in the off-season.

For dining, the Surf Club specializes in native fare, particularly snapper, prepared by the Bahamian chef. At Cumberland House, one must make a reservation: it is enormously popular and the food, presided over by a Swiss chef, delectable. The best things to note here: turtle pie, Margot (fish) pie, and the succulent orange pancakes, served with orange butter sauce, white sauce, and Cointreau in a sizzling casserole.

Curries and charcoal-broiled steaks are irresistible at Blackbeard's Tavern, which looks like a ship's dining room. Along with the excellent food, there is music by George Symonette, a Bahamian pianist, and by André Toussaint, a Haitian singer.

At Captain Kidd's Inn, suprisingly enough, the *pièce de résistance* is shish-kebab.

On the night club circuit, the bounciest of the Bay Street places is the Junkanoo Club, which is pleasingly voodoo in aspect. Paul Meeres, Jr., a famous gombay performer, dances alone and with Kim Ransom. André Toussaint sings Haitian and French songs, and Lord Flea and his Calypsonians pound out such songs as "Where Did the Naughty Little Flea Go?"

After midnight people often go "over the hill" to the Bahamian places which are large, uninhibited, noisy, and jumpy. They are mostly outdoors and also cheap—a drink is usually less than a dollar. At Chez Paul Meeres (the father of Junior at the Junkanoo Club) there is Berkley "Peanuts" Taylor, who bangs the hottest drum on the island and has appeared on American TV. Half-way to the airport, The Cat and the Fiddle has an outdoor place and a new indoor room, the Ghana Room, where Freddie Munning sings and leads the orchestra. In the open air, The Silver Slipper gives two shows every night with Harold "Little G" McNair. Sweet Richard's Pirate Den has gombay singers, a native band and limbo dancers. In limbo, that Caribbean dance, two dancers hold a pole which a third dancer slithers under lower and lower, without touching the floor. The record so far: ten inches.

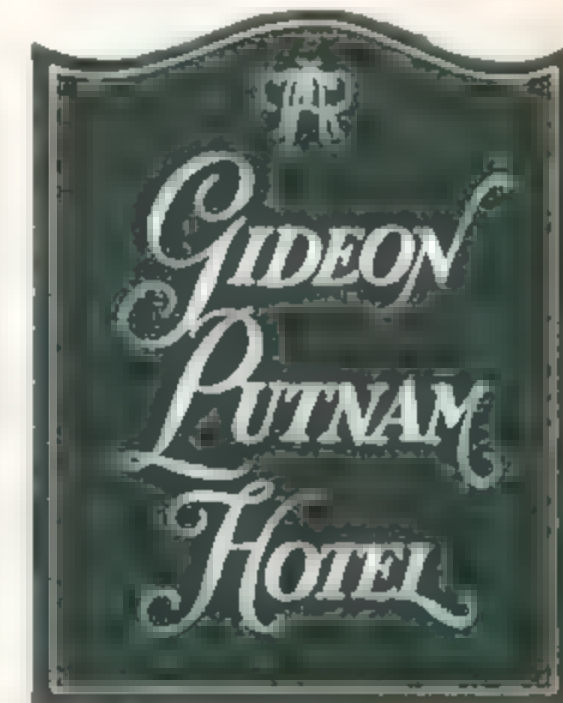
Aircraft and ships from all over the world now touch at Nassau. From New York, Pan American World Airways and British Overseas Airways fly in four hours for \$194 round trip, first class. Ingres-Nassau Line's SS "Nassau" leaves every Friday evening arriving Monday morning, costs \$170 round trip, minimum fare. Pan American flies from Miami for \$40 round trip, and the Peninsular and Occidental line's SS "Florida" leaves Miami Mondays and Fridays, \$54 round trip.

See page 49 for an article on Andros.

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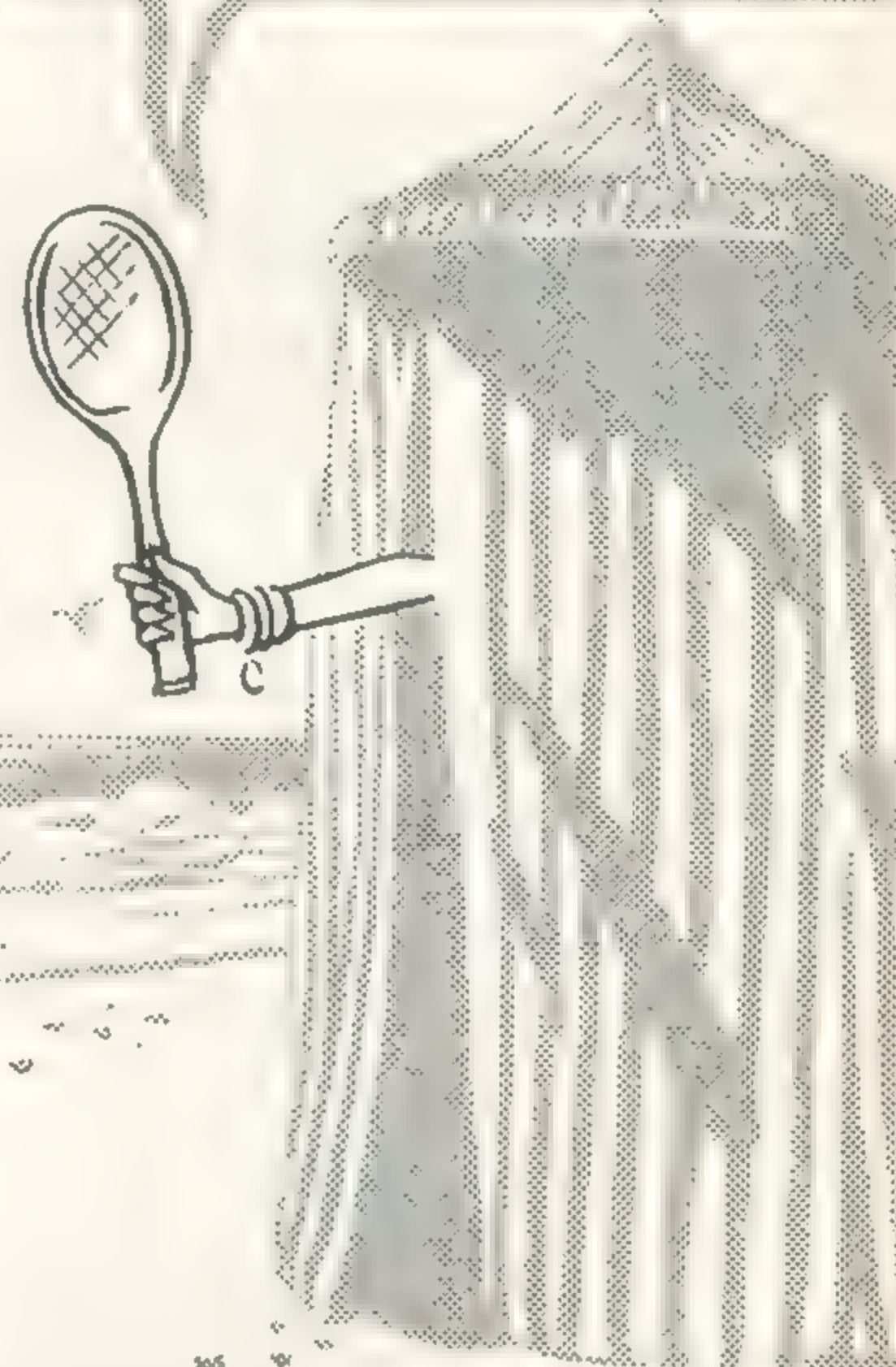


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A BRIGHT SUNDAY IN MADISON

(Continued from page 103)

and puts his tongue out. Henry bends close to Tippy and says, "Tippy my man, look, you have really tipped Benny over somewhere. Where is he?" Tippy shakes his entire gawky frame, rolls his eyes, and lets out a bark in joy at being addressed, and tries to stand on his legs and jump although hindered by the harness and reins of the cart; giving almost a demonstration of what he could do with a rider sitting in the carriage. All of us stand looking helplessly at the animal, wishing that he could speak.

Nancy says, "I will go and look for him."

"No, Nancy, go back home, I don't want to search for you next." But Nancy begs, "Daddy, I won't get lost. Let me look for Benny please." It is evident that she enjoys the thrill of this search, and will not miss it for anything. She runs down the road again out of sight. Henry now looks serious. He goes up the steps and peeps in at the kitchen door just to report to Virginia,

"Not found yet," and goes out again, on his bicycle this time.

Virginia sits unmoved in the kitchen chair and murmurs,

"Something terrible must have happened to him. He is so small. He can't even speak. I don't know... Probably he has been kidnapped. That sort of thing is common here. I don't know if I shall ever see him again."

I say inanely, "He couldn't have gone far. What is he wearing?" I ask.

"A brown jumper and green cap. I must telephone the police."

"Oh, no, don't," I say, somehow not liking the idea of police being involved in it.

"He has probably been kidnapped, such things are common here," she wails again.

I go out in search of Benny. Though Madison is not a very big town, when it comes to searching for someone its streets look endless and complicated. I walk up and down and across the streets and go back and forth, looking for a brown jumper and green cap. In my eyes every child looks like Benny. Benny is chubby, round-headed, and pink, about a foot and a half high; that is all the impression I have of him, nothing more detailed. Being a sunny Sunday scores of Benny-like children are moving around, and most of them

seem to wear green caps. I stare so much at every child I pass that they start running at the sight of me. I block the passage of one or two to say "Hello!" and ask, "Where are you going?"

"I am going home."

"Where do you live?"

My questions have the effect of making them run back to their houses and the only way in which I could be sure that the child was not Benny was by seeing him enter his own house. So I watch the child get back to his house, rather a complicated process of eliminating non-Benny's. I believe I am scaring all the children off the streets this morning, as I go about with that fixed examining look. I notice, here and there at a crossroad, Henry pedaling his cycle slowly with his eyes on the passing children. About an hour later, I notice a van slowly perambulating with policemen peeping out of it, obviously looking for a green cap. The children of the town must be having a puzzling morning with everyone staring at them so purposefully.

I give up the search after about two hours. I go to a milk bar for a drink and start homeward to report failure. Virginia has laid the table for lunch and is waiting for me. Benny is back. I find him engrossed in his lunch, perched on his high chair. Virginia is her usual cheerful self again.

"Did the police pick him up?" I ask.

"No. They came back to say they could not find him and wanted to alert the neighbourhood. When they went back to their car, they found Benny examining it; and they picked him up and brought him in; actually, you know, no one found Benny. He was found only by himself."

"Where did you go Benny?" I ask.

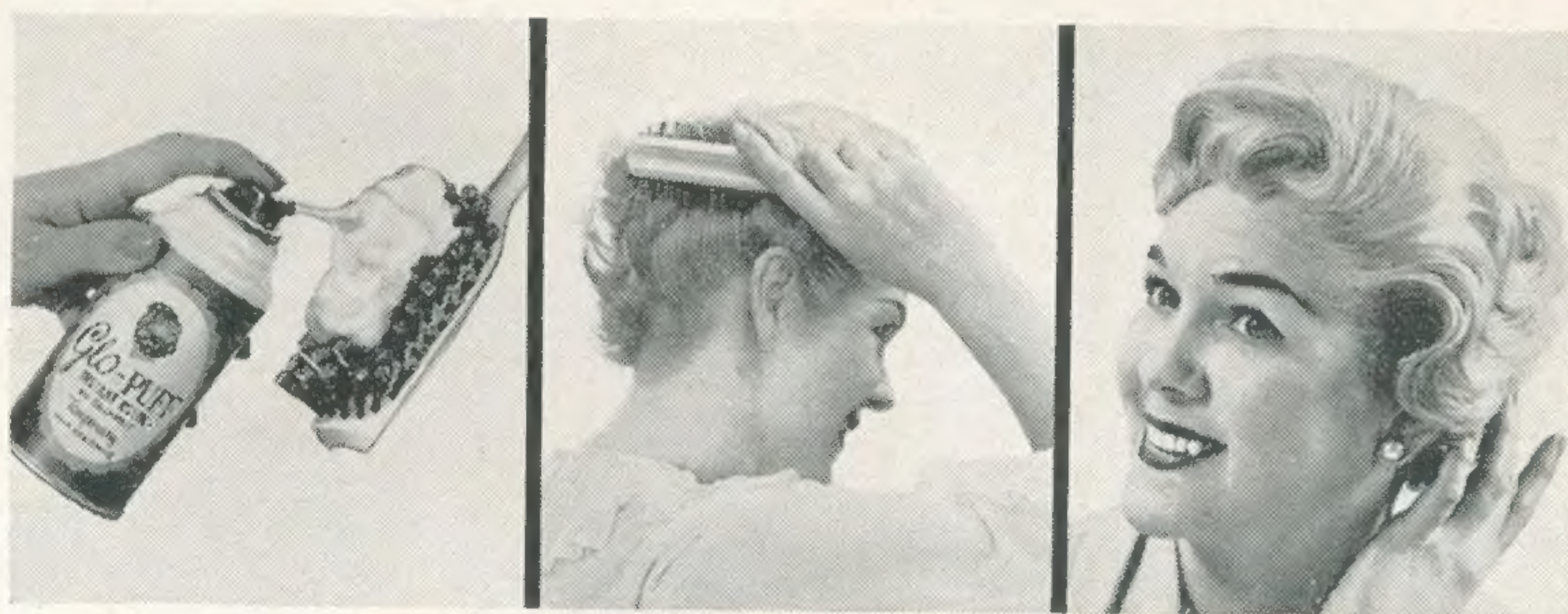
He pauses with the soup wet around his mouth, smacking his lips.

"There," he says pointing from his seat of eminence, indicating a far-away beyond.

"Where?" I can not help asking out of curiosity.

He merely replies, "Walk," and with that monosyllable returns to his lunch, dismissing the affair once and for all from his thoughts, having successfully neutralized all our elaborate plans for a bright Sunday morning.

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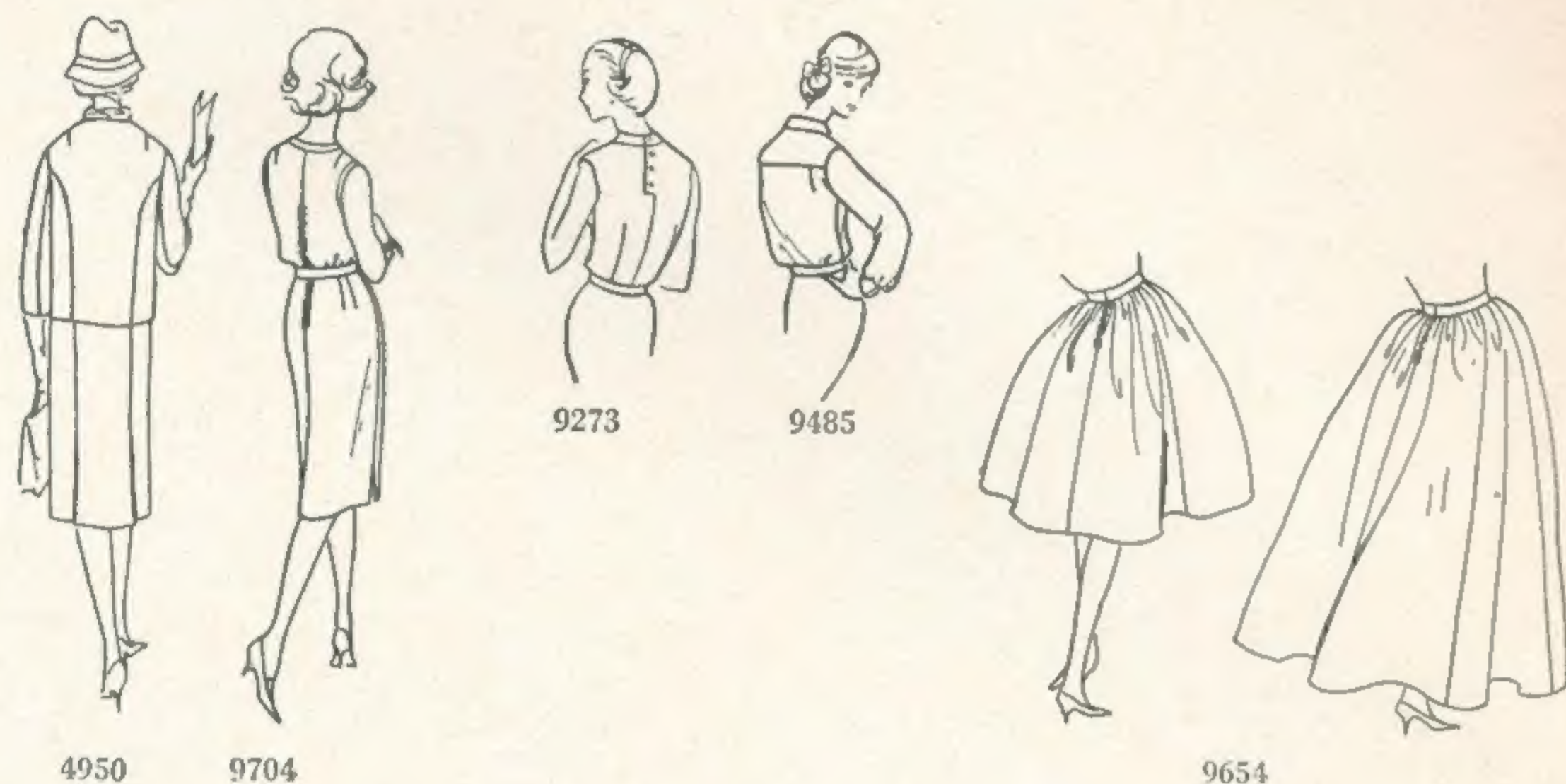


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(Other views, sizes, yardages of Patterns shown on pages 132-135)



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A MEMORY OF DIAGHILEV AND NIJINSKY

(Continued from page 157)

His ballerinas nicknamed him "Chinchilla" because of a white streak that ran through his sable-dyed hair. He muffled himself in a fur-lined greatcoat with an opossum collar, which he sometimes fastened with safety pins. His face was like a bulldog's, his smile that of a young crocodile, with one tooth set outside the others along the lip line. Grinding those powerful jaws could be a sign of pleasure, fear, or rage. And he would work his jaws furiously, his mouth surmounted by its little moustache, as he stood at the back of various theatre boxes to watch his artists—no detail of whose performances escaped him. His damp, downturned eye had the curve of a Portuguese oyster.

This man led, throughout the world, a dance troupe as confused, as many-coloured as the fair at Nijni Novgorod. His only luxury was the discovery of stars. And we saw him bring us one day,

from the ghettos of Russia, that long, thin, glaze-eyed creature, Ida Rubinstein. She did not dance. She entered, exhibited herself, mimed, walked about, made an exit, and sometimes—as in *Schéhérazade*—risked the faintest sketch of a dance.

One of Diaghilev's triumphs was his presentation of her to the Paris public in the rôle of Cleopatra. They brought in a roll of many-hued cloth, placed it mid-stage, unrolled it, opened it up. And out came Madame Ida, so slender-legged that she seemed an ibis from the Nile.

I sketch these figures as on the margins of a theatre program, recalling the great spectacles that played so decisive a part in my passion for the theatre... And then I owe it to myself to express my gratitude to two free men who lived to utter their own cry.

... Translated by Frances Keene.



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